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RICHARD JEFFERIES.

"I wonder how they will manage without me."—*Field and Hedgerow*.

The birds will miss him, and the summer breeze
That lifts the meadow grass he loved so well,
The flying cloud, the modest blooms that dwell
In secret nooks, his stately murmuring trees;
And all his friends of field and wood, the bees,
The cuckoo, and the lark, will chant his knell;
For him the pines will lift their mournful swell
And join the solemn roar of breaking seas.

Perchance the hand of God for him unbars
The mysteries divine of life and death;
Perchance he walks through endless fields of light:
And yet he too must miss, beyond the stars,
The April rain, the hedgerows' fragrant breath,
The dreamy stillness of the summer night.

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THE CULT IN LITERATURE.

The great poets are all dead now, and appearances indicate that the twentieth century will begin its course undominated by any commanding figure bequeathed to it from the literature of the nineteenth. No Goethe will loom above that new horizon as in the early dawn of the present century: no Scott is likely to brighten the morning clouds of the new era with the radiance of his genius. We cannot, of course, make any such predictions with absolute confidence that the future will justify them, for the individual manifestations of genius are as incalculable as are the flashings out of new stars, or the appearance within the solar system of unfamiliar cometary visitors; but we cannot, on the other hand, set aside the manifest lesson of literary history, the lesson that all great creative periods must end; that, viewing the whole course of thought, such periods are but few and far apart in the annals of mankind. And however ingeniously theories of environment and ripeness for intellectual activity may explain the creative epochs of the past, no such theory is likely to receive formulation sufficiently precise to make it an accepted organon for the uses of forecast.

The creative period of German literature would have ended abruptly with the death of Goethe had not the genius of Heine given it fitful renewal of life for another quarter-century. In France, the modern creative period was clearly over when Hugo died. And in our own literature, it seems almost equally clear that the death of Tennyson has closed the Victorian age of letters, an age prolonged beyond the limits of most such periods of intellectual ex-

pansion, and one that, if our assumption be just, has "made a good end."

What may be expected to follow the period thus terminated? Whatever the literature to whose history we turn, we receive the same answer. After the creative age comes the age of reflection, the age of interpretation and analysis, of grammatical and rhetorical subtleties, of formulations and classifications, of scientific and imitative work. It was so with Greece and Rome, with fifteenth century Italy, with seventeenth century France and Spain, with post-Elizabethan England and post-Goethean Germany. That it will be so with the coming age, for France and the English-speaking nations, is a proposition at least as reasonable as many historical inductions that pass unquestioned.

But if we are passing into such an age we need not look upon it altogether with dismay. Those who live in such an age are far from conscious that theirs is a period of decadence. Intellectual activity seems to be heightened rather than depressed. Works of all sorts are produced and find no lack of readers. The Alexandrians thought the "Argonautica" quite as good a poem as the "Odyssey," and the Florentines were doubtless perfectly sincere in their admiration of Poliziano. For those whom the *Zeitgeist* does not deceive, there remain for study and enjoyment the great works of the past, and there are enough of these for the lifelong contentment of any rational soul who finds his way to them. The art of criticism flourishes, but, although stiffened into a body of dogmatic precept, often enough goes hand in hand with genuine appreciation. It is not true that, to properly enjoy literature, an age must produce literature of its own. If the coming generation of English letters were to prove one of sterility, the wise should have slight cause for regret. It will be a long while before our race outgrows the ideals of Shelley and Wordsworth and Tennyson; some of them, it is to be hoped, neither our race, nor mankind, will ever outgrow. Indeed, the prospect of new masterpieces in uninterrupted succession would be rather appalling than otherwise. We should despair of catching up, and the works made classical by the infallible test of time would suffer more neglect than they do now. The real interests of culture almost demand such breathing-spells as, by a natural law no less beneficent than mysterious, follow upon the periods that have exhausted themselves in giving expression to the struggles of the spirit in its ascent from "the sloughs of a low desire." But the critical and reflective age has its dangers, and chief among them is the encouragement it gives to the ascendancy of the cult.

The literary cult has two principal forms: it appears as the unintelligent (because unsympathetic) worship of a really great writer, or it takes the shape of laudation, both undue and uneven, of a writer of only secondary importance. In the first case, it converts the object of its adoration into a fetish, worshipping it as such rather than as a liv-

ing spiritual force. In the second case, it raises a private altar for the exclusive use of the elect, and develops in its adherents a sort of intellectual prigishness, as satisfactory to them as it is amusing to others. A great deal of the modern study of Homer and Dante and Shakespeare illustrates the first form of the literary cult; the second form receives illustration at many hands, the devotees of Browning and Meredith, of Baudelaire and Verlaine, of Ibsen and Tolstoi, offering a few of the later examples.

We have said that the cult of such writers as these takes the shape of a laudation that is both undue and uneven. It is upon the second of these characteristics that stress should principally be laid, for the most astonishing feature of the Browning or the Baudelaire or the Ibsen cult is its deliberate neglect of the really great qualities of these men, and the emphasis given the accidental and inartistic aspects of their work. Nobler poetry than may be found in the work of Browning hardly occurs in English literature, but the work of the Browning societies would not often lead us to suspect its existence. Baudelaire touched with a master hand some of the deepest chords of human feeling, but those who magnify his name are apt to fix our attention upon the charnel-house elements of his verse, and almost make us sympathize with the recent suggestion of M. Brunetière, that the proposed statue of the poet should be placed at the mouth of a sewer. Ibsen, in his deeper moods, speaks with an ethical fervor that seems to his readers the very bread of life, but those who sing his praises in the public ear only ask us to admire the trivialities or the morbid features of his analysis of modern society. It is not surprising that a writer like Mr. Frederic Harrison, having, to begin with, but little sense of humor, should allow his indignation at such critical antics to get the better of amusement, and indulge in the following outburst: "I know that, in the style of to-day, I ought hardly to venture to speak about poetry unless I am prepared to unfold the mysterious beauties of some unknown genius who has recently been unearthed by the Children of Light and Sweetness. I confess I have no such discovery to announce. I prefer to dwell in Gath and to pitch my tents in Ashdod; and I doubt the use of the sling as a weapon in modern war. I decline to go into hyperbolic eccentricities over unknown geniuses, and a single quality or power is not enough to rouse my enthusiasm. It is possible that no master ever painted a buttercup like this one, or the fringe of a robe like that one; that this poet has a unique subtlety, and that an undefinable music. I am still unconvinced, though the man who cannot see it, we are told, should at once retire to the place where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth."

To the first form of the literary cult, the form which attaches itself to a really great name, our attention is called by a letter from Friedrich Spielhagen, on the Goethe-Schiller cult in Germany, pub-

lished in a recent number of the New York "Nation." The cult in question has been going merrily on for more than half a century, and Herr Spielhagen tells us, in substance, that it has been fruitful enough in science, but hardly at all in literature. "I consider," he says, "as being two very different things, learned inquiries about the acts of a hero of genius, and the noble, broadening influence and effect of these actions on the life and blood, so to speak, of his country. The most painstaking and ingenious commentaries on the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' were indited at Alexandria, a whole library was filled with them, and yet Homer's sun set, and not all this flattering learned art could start it on its course again. I fear that much the same thing might be said of our Goethe-Schiller cult. The old text holds good here: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Where, I ask, are the fruits in our art and literature which have ripened in the Goethe-Schiller sun? Where do we find in our poetry of to-day Goethe's delicate and sure feeling for the beautiful in form? where his really living in the things which he describes? where Schiller's flights of fancy which wafted him high above the mean and vulgar, 'which enslaves us all'?" The true cult of a great poet is very different from the form that is commonly practiced. When the day of that cult dawns, to quote once more from Herr Spielhagen, "it will be understood that—always *mutatis mutandis*—one must do as Goethe and Schiller did. Till that day comes, let the disciples of Goethe and Schiller go on spreading wider and wider their silent influence. But, while they keep alive the sacred fire, let them have a care not to weaken their cause by crying, 'Lord, Lord.' For nothing is worse than publicly proclaiming one's self high-priest of the Father in Heaven and then sacrificing to Baal." These words permit of a far wider application than their author gives them, for they indicate the eternal distinction between the true cult and the false in the domain of literature.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A writer in the *Rivista d'España* complains that Spanish literature is practically dead, and that Casterla is the only living Spanish writer known outside his own country. From an American standpoint we should say that Galdos and two or three other novelists have a wider reputation (as men of letters) than Casterla. The writer goes on to account for the dearth of native Spanish literature by saying that the best minds in Spain expend their talents upon journalism, although not journalists by bent or inclination. This is, of course, quite as true of other countries as of Spain. Journalism offers the only means by which a professional writer can make decent living, and so into journalism he goes, to the dulling of his finer sensibilities and the ultimate loss of a public that fancies itself the gainer by the sacrifice. In the particular case of Spain, as "*The Bookman*" points out, the competition of translations

from the French greatly discourages Spanish literature. The French originals cost nothing and translation is cheap. Our own period of literary subservience to another country, hardly yet ended, although the Copyright Act of 1891 probably marks the beginning of the end, puts us in a position to realize the situation of the Spanish author.

Two recent actions for libel, one English and one American, have a curious literary interest. The former arose from a criticism, in "*The National Observer*," of a recently published novel. The novel was written by a woman, and dedicated to her husband with some sort of expression of gratitude for encouragement given by him to her work. Now the critic of the paper in question, not liking the novel, thought that no one should have encouraged its production, and consequently called the author's husband an "objectionable and foolish person." The gentleman thus referred to promptly brought suit against the paper, and a verdict for £100 damages was given the plaintiff. The plea of the defendant, that the person who accepts the dedication of a book becomes the legitimate prey of the ravenous critic, found no favor with the jury. The New York "*Evening Post*" comments upon the affair to the following effect: "It will doubtless be a relief to many excellent gentlemen whose names have a way of appearing in the dedications of their friends' volumes of verse, to have it legally settled that they can be laughed at for their good-nature or their vanity only in private." "*The Evening Post*" itself appeared as defendant in the second of our two cases. About two years ago a New York publisher, who was also a clergyman, began to handle an unauthorized reprint of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." For this questionable proceeding he was arraigned by the "*Evening Post*," and accused of "piracy" and "theft." It was furthermore affirmed that "theft committed by a Doctor of Divinity was aggravated theft." Suit was brought against the paper for \$100,000, that being the plaintiff's estimate of the injury done by the charges to his "character as a Christian gentleman." The case came up for trial a week or two ago. It was claimed by the plaintiff "that it was no worse for a minister to steal than any other man," and that profiting by the sale of an unauthorized edition of the "*Britannica*" was not stealing, anyway, because "the eighth commandment did not cover literary property not protected by statute." The defense offered evidence that the term "piracy" was of legitimate application to the publication, without permission, of works copyrighted in other countries, and a number of publishers testified that the terms "rascal" and "robber" were properly used to describe the people who did such things. It took the jury about fifteen minutes to agree upon a verdict for the defendant. The case is an interesting one, as being the first of its kind on record. The legality of "piracy" has often come before our courts, whose decisions, owing to the defective condition of the law prior to 1891, have generally sustained the practice. But in the present case the morality of "piracy" was on trial, and it is satisfactory to learn that from this standpoint the practice has been judicially condemned.

The number of new publications in Great Britain in 1892 was greater by about five hundred works than in the previous year. The largest numerical increase was in the novels, but the largest proportional increase was in works on the arts and sciences and political economy. After these came novels, voyages, and poetry, each of

which gained about twenty-five per cent. Theology and medicine show a slight increase, education a proportionally slight decrease, while there was a considerable falling off in history and belles-lettres and a large decrease in juvenile and legal works. It is interesting to compare these facts with the corresponding ones for this country. Here the number of publications for 1892 (including new editions) was only two hundred more than for 1891, an increase of less than four per cent. In the case of fiction there was no appreciable increase. But there was an increase in poetry and the drama of over thirty per cent, and a still greater increase in books of travel. A considerable increase is also to be credited the departments of law, political science, history, and medicine. Theology, on the other hand, exhibited a noticeable falling-off, as did also literary history and the department of illustrated books.

A committee has just reported to the French Academy in favor of a series of spelling reforms in the next edition of its dictionary. Hyphens are to be abolished in such compounds as *eau-de-vie*, the apostrophe in such words as *entr'aider*; foreign words, such as "break" and "spleen," are to be written *brec* and *spine*. Latin plurals like *errata* are to take an "s". *Sœur* and *paon* are to become *sœur* and *pan*; "ph" is to become "f," and in plurals "x" is to be changed to "s." These reforms, if approved by the Academy, will of course be adopted into the language. It would be a happy thing for the English language if there were some like body to settle authoritatively the disputed questions regarding its orthography, and substitute a uniform and consistent method for the confusion and inconsistency that now prevail.

IBSEN'S "COMEDY OF LOVE."

"The Comedy of Love" is one of the few remaining plays of Ibsen which have not yet been translated into English. It was the first of his distinctly satirical works, and was published in 1862 when he was thirty-four years old. The Norwegian press received it with a howl of indignant protest; and its author was denounced as a ruthless iconoclast "void of ideality." A high authority at the University of Christiania declared, when Ibsen applied for a stipend, that the person who had written "Love's Comedy" deserved a stick rather than a stipend. The play was not only "immoral" and "unpoetical, as must be every view which is unable to reconcile the real to the ideal," but it was pronounced to be "provincial" and "a pitiful product of literary trifling."

This chorus of censure, though it does not rival in coarseness and stupidity the extracts from the London journals on the production of "Ghosts" (collected by Mr. Bernard Shaw in his "Quintessence of Ibsenism"), is yet significant as sounding the first note of alarm in the Philistine camp at Ibsen's attacks upon its "ideals." "The Comedy of Love" is indeed an attack upon the institution of marriage; but, for all that, it is not immoral. It does not, even by inference, recommend license; but as his biographer, Henrik Jæger ("Henrik Ibsen, a Critical Biography," translated by W. M. Payne)

happily puts it, it "scourges love in love's own name," and holds up an ideal which, by contrast, makes the reality, as we know and see it, repulsive.

The situation is briefly this: Mrs. Halm, a lady of good family, has two daughters, Anna and Svanhild. The former engages herself to a theological student named Lind, and the latter is loved by a gifted young poet named Falk. Lind, who had, or fancied he had, a heroic strain in him, had aspired to lead a life of noble renunciation, and, to prove the lofty sincerity of his faith, had resolved to go as a missionary to preach the gospel to the Norwegian emigrants on the American prairies. But now, when he is betrothed, all the cousins and aunts and the whole swarm of female busy-bodies rush in upon him and insist that as an engaged man he has obligations to his *fiancée* and to society; he has no right to talk of sacrifice and renunciation, which would now also include her. Lind, it must be admitted, is not averse to entertain this view; and after a mere sham resistance, he surrenders all thought of heroism, and applies for a place as teacher in a girls' school.

In the case of the department clerk, Styver, and Miss Sjære, we have the same story, though with modifications. These two have engaged themselves, many years ago, when they were young and romantic; but Mr. Styver has never been able to scrape together enough to marry on. In the meanwhile they have grown middle-aged and practical; all the bloom of youthful sentiment has been rubbed off; every vestige of poetry has vanished from their relation; and the constant theme of their thought and their speech is money — money — money. They need a certain sum in order to enable them to go to housekeeping in a respectable manner; and now they are only concerned about loans, interest, and chattel mortgages.

A third instance, and a glaring one, of his translation of the poetry of love into the prose of matrimony, is the Reverend Mr. Straamand and his wife Maren. The pastor had in his youth been something of a genius,—had played the guitar, composed music, and published "Seven Sonnets to My Maren." He had even had the courage to marry this lady (who was "the daughter of a lumber firm") without the consent of her parents, and had bravely set up housekeeping in a garret, with supreme disregard of the world's opinion. Presently, however, Mr. Straamand had gotten a ministerial charge and a country parsonage. He had grown comparatively prosperous, and in the course of time had become the father of twelve children, "with a near prospect of the thirteenth." Through the door of wedlock he and his Maren had plunged into a slough of direst prose, having lost all individual life and surrendered all higher aspirations in the mere effort to provide for their numerous offspring. Like many of the lower animals who have scarcely any conscious life,—who are born, breed, and die,—they have become mere mechanical instruments in the hands of Fate for the propagation of their species.

It is in order to escape this lot, or anything resembling it, that Falk and Svanhild, after having tasted the pure bliss of love's avowal, resolve to separate, rather than face the certainty of being gradually swamped and smothered in the slowly torturing and disillusionizing trivialities of matrimony. For who manages, amid the cries of teething children, the monthly rain of bills and duns from butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, to preserve his equanimity of temper, his spiritual freedom, his fidelity to his loftiest purpose? How can a man do the greatest that is in him to do, when he is obliged to grind out so many hundreds or so many thousands at the demand of his wife, who is perhaps accustomed to a higher style of living than he, and would rather give up her life than sacrifice an inch of her social position? How can she help losing the wild ideal charm which once invested her lovely face, when she becomes to him the incorporation of a cruel necessity which forces his nose to the grindstone — compels him to do, not what his soul impels him to do, but what is for the moment most profitable, most marketable, and to himself, perhaps, most contemptible? How can he continue to love and cherish her with the old ardor, when he feels that she is virtually responsible for this calamity which makes him in his own eyes (whatever he may be to the world) a despicable failure?

The other side of this question, which will occur to every reader, is not here worth presenting. Ibsen's lovers are by no means blind to it, but, like the author himself, they are more deeply impressed with the disadvantages than with the advantages of the married estate. The representative of life's prose, the wholesale merchant Guldstad, is, curiously enough, the most estimable and sympathetic character in the whole play, and it is into his mouth that Ibsen puts the defense of matrimony—not the love-match, but the *mariage de convenance*:

Ah no, there yet is something which is better.
It is the tranquil, gentle, cordial flow
Of warm esteem, which must its object honor,
As much as rapture in a blissful trance.
It is the feeling of delight in duty,
The joy of care, the blessed peace of home,
Of two wills fondly yielding to each other,
Of watchful outlook, lest no stone should hurt
Her foot, the dear one's, where in life she treads.
It is the gentle hand which heals all wounds,
The virile force which bears on willing shoulders,
The peace of mind extending through the years;
The steady arm which props and lifts securely;
That, Svanhild, is the contribution I can offer
Toward the building of your happiness.

Falk, with his uncertain temper, his ecstacies and despairs, and the excessive sensitiveness peculiar to poets, is fully conscious that he can offer nothing equivalent to this secure comfort, peaceful equanimity, and tender protection. But it is not this consciousness which primarily makes him resolve to renounce his beloved; it is the fear that his love, which now is glorious in its perfect bloom, will and must, like all mortal things, fade and wither

under the slow tooth of time. It will endure long, he says, but he cannot in sincerity promise that it will last forever. Svanhild, considering the matter in this view, exclaims:

Oh, "long," "long," poor miserable word!
To "long" endure, oh, what is that to love?
It is its doom,—the mildew on the seed.
For "love must count upon eternal life."
That song is silenced now; some day instead
It shall run thus: "I loved thee, love, last year,"
Nay, never thus shall wane our day of bliss,
Perish with weeping sunset in the west;
Let now our sun be quenched, a fair mirage,
At its high noon, while gloriously it shines.

FALK (frightened).

What wilt thou, Svanhild?

SVANHILD.

We are spring's bright children;
Behind it there shall come no dreary autumn,
When in thy breast the bird of song is silent,
And never yearneth thither whence he came.
Behind it never shall the wintry pall
Enshroud the chill white corpse of all thy dreams.
Our love, the glad, all-conquering, victorious,
No blight shall touch, no age shall wither.
Die shall it, as it lived, strong, young, and rich.

FALK (in an agony of grief).

And far from thee — what worth has life to me?

SVANHILD.

What were it near to me, when love were dead?

FALK.

A home!

SVANHILD.

Where strove the elf of happiness with death?

FALK (with strong resolution).

Throw the ring away!

SVANHILD (with enthusiasm).

Thou wishest it?

FALK.

Throw it away! Full well I understand thee.
In this way only, Svanhild, do I win thee!
Far as the grave doth lead to life's bright dawn,
Thus love is consecrated unto life,
When, purged of yearning and of wild desire,
It flees delivered to the spirit home
Of memory.

SVANHILD (joyously, as she throws the ring far out into the fjord).

Now I have lost thee for this nether life,

Now I have won thee for eternity!

It would be a mistake, I fancy, to interpret this as an act of religious asceticism. Ibsen's conception of renunciation is that it steels and braces the personality, and brings out, as by a fiery test, whatever latent strength and virtue there may be in it. The bitter but salubrious cup of woe which he has himself drained to the dregs he puts to the lips of every soul who is virile enough to endure the wholesome discipline of sorrow. Slothful ease and the joy of possession cause in time satiety and a weary discontent; then, when love begins to wane, and even passion to subside, comes the necessity to feign and to lie, first to the once-beloved, then to ourselves, and finally, when the ideal is hopelessly shattered, we find a shabby consolation in the reflection that our lot is not exceptional — that, in fact, we cannot expect perfection in this world, but must put up with things as they are. It is to save

his lovers from this fate that Ibsen makes them voluntarily renounce each other. It is with a dim prevision of this danger that Falk, in the first act, exclaims :

With blight of blindness smite mine eyes' bright mirror.
I'll sing the glory of the radiant skies.
Send me but anguish, crushing, torturing,
For but a month,— a vast gigantic sorrow,—
And I'll sing the jubilant joy of life.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

(To the Editor of *THE DIAL*)

It is evident that there is a growing interest in the subject of the teaching of literature, and particularly of English literature. Recent articles in your journal are significant of it. The great efforts being made in recent years by the colleges, and especially by Harvard, to advance the study, are significant of it. The new University of Chicago in its turn will doubtless have many difficult problems to face in attempting to organize this study; problems more difficult indeed than any that have yet been attempted. For the greatest difficulties in the way of teaching and studying literature, or any other art, arise in the advanced classes, and advanced instruction of a serious nature in this subject has really been little attempted as yet. Harvard is the only institution where any considerable number of courses in pure literature has been offered to advanced students. The work to be done is practically new work.

THE DIAL is right in asserting that there is such a thing as "the literary spirit," and that literature as such should be taught in this spirit. In primary and secondary instruction this is not so difficult a task, and even the best of the college work to-day is done in this spirit. But in organizing the work of post-graduate instruction, the work of special investigation and individual studies, the problem becomes more complicated. Special work means definite research on certain narrowly chosen lines, and organized study necessarily implies method, system, and classification of knowledge,—that is, "scientific" investigation. It is difficult to believe that work done in the literary spirit is necessarily incompatible with work done in this spirit also, and that the literary spirit, the synthetic spirit, the spirit of art, will not be greatly fortified by the association and the discipline of the scientific spirit.

The English universities, it is true, have given up the problem in despair. The spirit of reaction has gone so far in England, indeed, that it is even proposed to abandon the last glorious remnant of the old humanities and abolish the professorship of poetry at Oxford. It is evident that a fine triumph is reserved for the American university which succeeds in making the advanced study of literature a serious and worthy pursuit.

Literature in a certain sense is a composite of all arts and all sciences, and the study of all arts and all sciences illustrates and enforces the study of literature. Any given work of literature consists of form and of subject-matter. As regards its form, it is susceptible of treatment grammatically or aesthetically. As regards its subject-matter, it is susceptible of treatment from

the point of view of morals and metaphysics, wherein of its interpretation of life; or from the point of view of psychology, wherein of the author's mind and soul and of the minds and souls of his characters; or from the point of view of history, wherein of time, place, and literary circumstance; or from the point of view of myth and folk-lore, wherein of the sources and meaning of story or plot; or from the point of view of almost any other branch of knowledge, as it may happen. None of these things must be disdained by the special student of literature, and yet over-insistence on some one point of view has always been the bane of literary studies; and it is chiefly against such over-insistence on the special point of view until the text becomes subservient to the topic, I take it, that *THE DIAL* is protesting. But perhaps the systematic and orderly knowledge of literature, the true scientific method, is quite another thing and offers no such objection.

It is true that schools of literature thus far tend to fall into one danger or the other—the danger of dilettantism, or the danger of over-specialization. In the older universities philology has swallowed up literature. In the newer coteries mere aesthetic criticism and stylistic appreciation on the one hand, or ethical studies and systematic interpretation on the other, are all the vogue. It rests with the American universities of the new type to rescue the study.

The example of the few great teachers of literature which *THE DIAL* mentions is a very uncertain help in the premises, for the reason that the problem of the universities is one of organization, and the personality of great teachers cannot be counted upon as a constant factor in the organization of higher university and post-graduate work. Personality, indeed, is the gist of teaching, and it was doubtless personality which gave such rare force to the work of one of these great teachers—to the work of the late Mr. Lowell in the years when he used to lecture from the chair at Cambridge on the Charles. But great men are rare, and others have to make progress relying on method and on organization.

The fact is that the methods of our universities in America are ill-adapted for the development of the literary spirit. There is too much university instruction and too little university life. The English system was a better pattern—the English system before the English began to ape the Germans. In the English universities it was possible to grow, to live, to read, and to acquire literature, without being so drilled and driven from lecture-hall to class-room and from classroom to examination-room as in the American colleges. The system has not produced German professors or American pedants; but, strangely enough, most of the great writers of literature in England—and most of the readers of literature as well—for three or four centuries running, have been university men; and there has been an English literature! And then in the old days at the English universities all the work was so largely done in the literary spirit, under the fine influence of the feeling for the classics as literature! A similar spirit was at one time, perhaps, more characteristic of Harvard than of any other American college; and Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Prescott, and Parkman are some of Harvard's products.

But are we to despair of the teaching of literature and of organized and systematic work in the study of it? No; the matter is too important, and the demand will produce men and methods fit for the work. Litera-

ture is the subtle union, the natural meeting-point, of all studies. Literature is essentially creative, constructive, and synthetic,—a positive interpreter of life. In this its interest differs from the analytic interests of the human mind, from science and from criticism. This wide sympathy and touch with all branches of knowledge is what should give the teacher of literature his power and his opportunity. The study of literature should be the synthesis of all knowledges.

C.

Chicago, Feb. 4, 1893.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE IN THE SCHOOLS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

"Having at hand the ample literature which gives expression to the childhood of the race, the literature of myth and fable, of generous impulse moving to heroic deed, how can a teacher be justified in substituting for this the manufactured and self-conscious twaddle that is the staple of most modern writing for children?"

There is solid sense in this suggestion, quoted from THE DIAL's leading editorial of February 1. The writer goes to the root of a serious, a portentous defect in our national development. "I have no imagination left," said a friend the other day,—one of the busy men of the world of practice and of letters, a student of social science, the director of a vigorous educational institution, and the editor of a high-class technical magazine, all in one. "Facts, facts, facts, all the time; I study them until my brain is bursting. I used to enjoy poetry, art, the exercise of fancy; now it's all gone. I have no imagination left!"

Don't let us rob the children of that glorious power. Who was it that in the presence of wonderful natural beauty reverently cried out, "Oh, what an imagination God must have!" And we have done much, are doing much, to kill out of our lives every appearance of approach toward this attribute of divinity. We do not think much of sentiment, we care little for beauty: we ask only, What can you do with it? How much is it worth? So I repeat: let us not rob the children of their birthright of fancy, lest we not only confirm one more generation in its too apt tendency toward materialism, but (an inevitable sequence), commit our race to a disgraceful and disastrous heritage—a preference for the tasteless, the ugly, the unworthy, in place of the beautiful, the artistic, the ideal.

I am aware that this all may sound very whimsical and high-flown; but I verily believe that the fine taste for art in painting, in music, in song,—the national love of sentiment, too, if you please,—which we regard as an hereditary trait among the Germans, is largely fostered and maintained among that people by the influence of the poetic fancies in children's stories. What child could resist, for example, the warming spirit of a tale like Andersen's *Der Tannenbaum*, which, if it be not a story of purely German origin, is nevertheless a classic in the German home. And more yet might be said of the stories of Siegfried, of Parzival, of Wotan,—an inheritance in which our children also have a right to share.

I was much amused the other day by having a student who was translating *Beowulf* ask in great perplexity: "Why did Beowulf come to the assistance of Hrothgar?" Why, that was the usage in the golden age of heroes. Hercules, Thor, Beowulf,—incarnations of the true-heroic,—looked for those who needed aid, and helped them. It never occurred to this practical

youth of the last decade that any motive other than self-interest could enter into the acts of men. Imagination, sentiment, ideality,—they are needed in our lives; the love of the artistic, a reverent devotion to the beauty which is truth,—these are certainly worthy to be fostered. Childhood is the period of easiest absorption; not only does the child enjoy and remember the stories of the heroes, he sympathizes readily with the motives men have glorified in the heroic. There is no dearth of real literature which can confirm these appreciations and these tastes. Here certainly is an opportunity which true educators will improve.

S. W. E.

Minneapolis, Feb. 8, 1893.

TENNYSON AS A CREATOR.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The impossible attempt of my friend Mr. Stanley * to schedule genius has been fruitful, in that it has elicited for the last number of THE DIAL the admirable criticisms of Professor Hale and Professor Shorey—admirable despite the latter's somewhat disparaging reference to Wordsworth and Browning. True it is, as Professor Hale suggests, that "Tennyson would probably have been content to rank with Keats," his artistic father. Mr. Stanley's characterization of Tennyson as "more translator and interpreter than creator" in the "Idylls" is far from happy. If ever man transformed and breathed a new life into earlier materials, that man was Tennyson as he wrote his "Idylls." Shakespeare did not more completely re-create the materials drawn from Plutarch, or Belleforest, or Lodge, than did Tennyson the old Arthurian tales which came to a focus in the work of Malory. Hamlet and Rosalind are not more the children of the brain of Shakespeare than are Tennyson's Arthur and Merlin and Gareth, Enid and Guinevere and Elaine, his own creations. Even the Lancelot and Percivale and Galahad of the old romances are placed in an absolutely new atmosphere, and transfigured thereby. Indeed, it is the principal contention of those materialists who are never weary of girding at the "Idylls" that Tennyson has brought the old romantic material into touch with the ideas of the nineteenth century. The romances, as untouched by Tennyson, give us characters that are typical rather than individual, delineations that are frequently conventional rather than idiosyncratic, and wrong conduct is displayed rather for our condonation than for our condemnation. True to the ideal of a middle age, they do not go beyond it. Tennyson's genius has re-created them without spoiling them, has borrowed their forms for artistic purposes and irradiated them with a true and high conception of the ends of living, and has given them a new future.

In reply to the statement (in which I introduce italics not in the original), "In general, Tennyson is too cold and thoughtful, too reserved and constrained, to give pure lyric force to a complete *long poem*," a sufficient answer is—*Who* has done this? In reply to the statement that "in dramatic and epic he as rarely rises above third rate," let "Guinevere" be recalled, and the judgment of a great American critic — himself a singer of no mean rank. Edmund Clarence Stedman says: "His greatest achievement still is that noblest of modern episodes, the canto entitled 'Guinevere,' surcharged with tragic pathos and high dramatic power. He never has

* In THE DIAL for Feb. 1.

so reached the *passio vera* of the early dramatists as in this imposing scene." "When this idyll first appeared, what elevation seized upon the soul of every poetic aspirant as he read it! What despair of rivalling a passion so imaginative, an art so majestic and supreme!"

Alongside the judgment expressed in THE DIAL, that "Tennyson is not the expression of his age: he is not the apostle of modernity"—let us place again words of light from Stedman. "It seems to me that the only just estimate of Tennyson's position is that which declares him to be, by eminence, the representative poet of the recent era. Not, like one or another of his compeers, representative of the melody, wisdom, passion, or other partial phase of the era, but of the time itself, with its diverse elements in harmonious conjunction. Years have strengthened my belief that a future age will regard him, independently of his merits, as bearing this relation to his period. In his verse he is as truly 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form' of the Victorian generation in the nineteenth century, as Spenser was of the Elizabethan court, Milton of the Protectorate, Pope of the reign of Queen Anne. During his supremacy there have been few great leaders, at the head of different schools, such as belonged to the time of Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats. His poetry has gathered all the elements which find vital expression in the complex modern art."

Mr. Stedman's words express but the fact for those who have breathed long and deep the atmosphere of the last to leave us of England's greatest singers. No man of the nineteenth century has more fully entered into the thought and the life of the English-speaking race—for counsel, for comfort, for inspiration—than Alfred Tennyson.

JOHN J. HALSEY.

Lake Forest University, Feb. 17, 1893.

A CLOSING WORD ON TENNYSON.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It was, of course, not possible in a column and a half of THE DIAL to particularize or make detailed comparisons as to Tennyson's place in poetry, and now, stimulated by the comments, in your last issue, upon my former letter, I can only add a general remark or so towards elucidating the summary criticism of my previous note.

It has always appeared to me very desirable to conduct literary criticism upon some common objective basis without any regard to subjective bias and preference; and I endeavored—not very successfully, it might seem—to discuss Tennyson from such a point of view. I am an ardent Tennysonian; my debt to him for aesthetic pleasure, intellectual stimulation, and moral inspiration, is great; and if for a long residence on a desert isle I were restricted to the companionship of two poets, Tennyson should be one. But, as I understand it, scientific criticism should ignore the personal and temporary, and, like philosophy, should look at its object *sub specie eternitatis*. The critic should ask, not, What has the poet done for me and my age?—every poet is the greatest for his own age, and Tennyson for twoscore years wielded a greater influence than all the pre-Victorian poets put together, leaving out Shakespeare—but he should inquire, What is permanent and universal in his works to delight all men in all ages? Possibly such an inquiry is useless; but, if it is to come to any result, it must be by patiently setting forth and applying as tests those elements which have conferred immortality in the past.

My main suggestion was that the first and chief test was individuality. The poets who through the centuries have kept the highest seats of honor are they who reveal most fully an unmistakable distinctiveness and distinction, an originality and uniqueness forever fresh and forceful. The very great poet, whether of the first or second ranks, belongs to no school; he is simply himself, *sui generis*. How many such poets have we, and does Tennyson belong with these? Is Tennyson so much more than Romanticist-Classicalist as to deserve a place among the *Dii Majores* of Parnassus? Is his art, so beauteous in its external perfection, original on so large a scale as to put it forever with the greatest creations of poetic genius? I would be the last to answer dogmatically and finally, but I have recorded it as my present impression that Tennyson does not belong to the highest order of poets.

I may add further that from one point of view Tennyson's very strength is a source of weakness. That irreproachable elegance of diction, that glossy perfection of style, after time palls on the taste. The sweetness of the most delicate honey is cloying, the sheen of a perfect polish at length wearies the eye; so this elaborate, conscious, studied art, often wonderfully deft and subtle, cannot forever please and charm. Moreover, Tennyson speaks less to us than to himself. His musing monologue becomes monotonous in its measured beauty, and we long for speech more direct, blunt, bold, and simple. These are not, of course, faults, but they are limitations in the nature and art of Tennyson which must be taken into account in any final estimate of his work.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

Lake Forest University, Feb. 21, 1893.

"AUTOGRAPH CONFIDENCE-MEN"

OUTCONFIDENCED.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I am tempted by a paragraph in a recent issue of your journal, dealing with the "autograph crank," as well as by the letter of A. H. N. on the same subject, to give you an experience I had while serving as private secretary to a noted United States Senator from a Northern State, whose reputation I will shield by withholding his name, as he still lives to cheat this species. Scarcely a day passed upon which one or more letters did not come asking for autographs; but I never knew him to write his name in answer to such a letter. He was not so incapable a politician as to forget to say to me that I could, if I wanted to, write his name and send it. It happened that a certain cabinet official, who also still lives, was in the Senator's office one day, and in talking upon this subject said that he never saw letters of this kind that were sent to him, as his secretary always opened his letters and did the autograph act.

At a rough estimate I should say that in the twenty-four months of my stay with the Senator of whom I write, not less than seven hundred unsuspecting autographists were appeased, as far as he was concerned, by receiving seven hundred pen-scratched bits of paper, not one of which had been sanctified by the touch of greatness; and the other conscienceless statesman, during the four years of his autographically ignoble public service, probably ran the number up to nearly as many thousands.

The above is merely statistical. I have no comment.

W. W. A.

Velasco, Tex., Feb. 23, 1893.

The New Books.**THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND.***

In his "Ruined Cities of Mashonaland" Mr. Theodore Bent has given us an interesting and decidedly novel book of African travel. The existence in southeastern Africa, in the high-land region between the Zambezi and Limpopo Rivers, of extensive ruins, ancient, massive, mysterious, standing out Sphinx-like in dramatic contrast to the primitive huts and kraals of the surrounding savages, has long been a matter of vague knowledge and surmise. Chance Nimrods and pioneer travellers in this land of the Kaffir and Bushman have confirmed each other in their tales of vast granite labyrinths choked with the impenetrable jungle growth of centuries, of round towers, pits still fifty feet deep, massive gateways, cyclopean walls "thirty feet thick at the base," and hinting, in their mystic ornamentation and architectural adjuncts and disposal, at an advanced cult and civilization.

Prior to the expedition chronicled in the present volume no attempt has been made at a thorough and scientific exploration and excavation of the Mashonaland ruins; and while the results obtained by Mr. Bent are not quite decisive as to the origin of the mysterious builders, they are extremely rich and suggestive, and sufficiently demonstrate that in the very heart of the dark continent lies an ample field for the archaeologist, almost the last person who a short time ago would have thought of penetrating its fastnesses. *Quid novi ex Africa?* will evidently not be an obsolete phrase for many generations to come. We may note here parenthetically that the author has by no means confined himself to the somewhat dry and special details of antiquarian research. The incidents of his journeys to and fro, his observations of the natives and their habits, the story of his embassy to the remote country of King 'Mtoko, etc., combine to make the volume one of the most varied and graphic of African travel books.

The expedition headed by Mr. Bent was liberally aided by the Royal Geographical Society, the British Chartered Company of South Africa, and the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Bent's chief aids were his wife, to whose efficiency and endur-

ance he emphatically testifies, and Mr. R. M. H. Swan, the cartographer of the expedition, who contributes a valuable chapter on the orientation and measurements of the great ruins at Zimbabwe, besides notes upon the geography and meteorology of the district. The party left England at the end of January, 1891, and returned to it again at the end of January, 1892, having accomplished, says the author, "a record rare in African travel, and of which we are justly proud — namely, that no root of bitterness sprang up amongst us." The journey to the interior was made by rail from Cape Town to Mafeking, and thence to Mashonaland by wagon, a three-months' "trek," Mr. Bent preferring this route to the shorter one by river largely because it led through the capitals of all the principal chiefs.

During Mr. Bent's stay in Mashonaland he visited and carefully examined the sites of several ruins, which are spread over a large area of the country, and he gives a minute description of them. We must content ourselves with extracting a few general facts concerning the remains at Zimbabwe, the most extensive and best preserved, where the chief excavations were made. The prominent features at Zimbabwe are, first, the large circular ruin with its round tower on the edge of a slope of the plain below; second, the mass of ruins in the valley beneath this; and third, the intricate fortress on the granite hill above, serving as the acropolis of the ancient city. These general features our author discusses in detail. The circular ruin—or rather elliptical, a familiar Sabaean form—is a temple, 280 feet in greatest diameter, with three entrances, an altar and two round towers, one of them thirty-five feet high, standing within the sacred enclosure to the southeast. By digging below the towers, and pulling out stones from the sides, the author demonstrated that they were solid; and their religious purport and kindred significance to those constructed by the Phoenicians would seem to be proved, by the numerous finds in other parts of the ruins, of a phallic nature. Accurate measurements were made of the towers, and it was found that the circumference of the smaller one corresponds exactly to the diameter of the big one, and the diameter of the big one is equal to half its original height, and its circumference again is equal to the diameter of the round building on the Lundi River. One cannot, observes the author, lay too much stress on the symmetry of the courses and the accuracy with which

* THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND: Being a Record of Excavation and Exploration in 1891. By J. Theodore Bent, F.S.A. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

these towers have been built. The wall of the circular ruin is, at its highest point, thirty-five feet above ground, and its greatest base thickness is sixteen feet. A noticeable feature in the structure of the wall is that the portion to the southeast is thicker and higher and very much better built, besides showing on the outside an ornamental pattern coinciding in length with the sacred sub-enclosure inside. The connection of this feature with the cult of the builders is obvious, and is fully discussed by Mr. Swan in his chapter on the orientation of the temple. The masonry throughout is of small stones of rough granite, laid without mortar, "and built with such evenness of courses and symmetry that as a specimen of the dry builder's art it is without a parallel."

"The large blocks of cut stone used in Egyptian, Greek, and Roman masonry must have been comparatively easy to deal with as compared with these small stones of rough granite, built in even courses in a circular wall of immense thickness and height. The idea at once suggests itself that the people who erected these walls had at one time been accustomed to build in bricks, and that in the absence of this material they had perfected a system of stone-building to represent as nearly as possible the appearance of brick."

The form of nature-worship practiced at Zimbabwe found one of its expressions in the worship of the sun; but the temple was evidently constructed with reference to practical as well as religious astronomical purposes, the arrangement of towers and monoliths, passage-ways, holes in the wall, upright stones for the noting of transits, etc., providing the means of observing the passage of the seasons and of fixing the limits of a tropical year, and thus providing the elements of a calendar.

No less imposing than the temple is the hill fortress, approachable from the valley below through a narrow slit in the granite boulder, and protected at every turn by traverses and ambuscades. The position is in itself of great natural strength, protected on one side by huge granite boulders, and on the south by a precipice seventy to ninety feet in height, while on the only accessible side the ancient builders constructed a massive wall, thirteen feet thick on the summit, with a batter of one foot in six, thirty feet high in places, having a broad flat causeway on top decorated on the outside edge with a succession of round towers and monoliths. Says the author:

"The redundancy of fortification all over this mountain, the useless repetition of walls over a precipice itself inaccessible, the care with which every hole in the boulders through which an arrow could pass is closed, prove that the occupants were in constant dread of at-

tack, and lived like a garrison in the heart of an enemy's country. . . . Such is the great fortress of Zimbabwe, the most mysterious and complex structure that it has ever been my fate to look upon. Vainly one tries to realize what it must have been like in the days before ruin fell upon it, with its tortuous and well-guarded approaches, its walls bristling with monoliths and round towers, its temple decorated with tall, weird-looking birds, its huge decorated bowls, and in the innermost recesses its busy gold-producing furnace. . . . When taken alone this fortress is sufficiently a marvel; but when taken together with the large circular building below, the numerous ruins scattered around, one cannot fail to recognize the vastness and power of this ancient race, their great constructive ingenuity and strategic skill."

Much light might have been thrown on the question of the origin of the Zimbabwe builders by the discovery of a cemetery; but though careful research in every direction was made, not a single tomb was discovered, nor any trace of the manner in which this ancient race disposed of their dead. That they were from the north is plainly indicated by the fact that their temples were constructed with reference to the observation of northern stars alone, though they must have known that the southern constellations would have served equally well to regulate their calendar. Their occupation was undoubtedly gold-mining. The Mashonaland ruins are always near ancient mines, and the most interesting finds at Zimbabwe were those relating to the manufacture of gold—a smelting furnace, rejected casings from which the gold-bearing quartz had been extracted, clay crucibles, burnishers, a soapstone ingot-mould which corresponds suggestively in shape to a Phoenician ingot found in Falmouth harbor, etc. After comparing these Zimbabwe implements and the processes implied by them with the implements and processes depicted on Egyptian tombs, and citing in further evidence the account of Egyptian gold-working given by Diodorus, our author reaches the following interesting conclusions:

"Hence it is obvious that the process employed by the ancient Egyptians for crushing, smelting, and forming into ingots was exactly the same as that employed by the ancient inhabitants of Zimbabwe; which fact, when taken in conjunction with the vast amount of evidence of ancient cult, ancient construction, and ancient art, is, I think, conclusive that the gold fields of Mashonaland formed one at least of the sources from which came the gold of Arabia, and that the forts and towns which ran up the whole length of this gold-producing country were made to protect their men engaged in this industry. The cumulative evidence is greatly in favor of the gold-diggers being of Arabian origin, before the Sabao-Himyaritic period in all probability, who did work for and were brought closely into contact with both Egypt and Phoenicia, penetrating to many coun-

tries unknown to the rest of the world. . . . The testimony of all travellers in Arabia is to the effect that little or no gold could have come from the Arabian peninsula itself; it is, therefore, almost certain that the country round Zimbabwe formed one at least of the spots from which the '*Thesaurus Arabum*' came. Egyptian monuments also point to the wealth of the people of Punt, and the ingots of gold which they sent as tribute to Queen Hatason. No one, of course, is prepared to say exactly where the kingdom of Punt was; the consensus of opinion is that it was Yemen, in the south of Arabia. But suppose it to be there, or suppose it to be on the coast of Africa, opposite Arabia, or even suppose it to be Zimbabwe itself, the question is the same: where did they get the large supply of gold from, which they poured into Egypt and the then known world? In Mashonaland we seem to have a direct answer to this question. It would seem to be evident that a prehistoric race built the ruins in this country, race like the mythical Pelasgi who inhabited the shores of Greece and Asia Minor, a race like the mythical inhabitants of Great Britain and France who built Stonehenge and Carnac, a race which continued in possession down to the earliest dawnings of history, which provided gold for the merchants of Phenicia and Arabia, and which eventually became influenced by and perhaps absorbed in the more powerful and wealthier organizations of the Semite."

Mr. Bent devotes a chapter to the discussion of the objects found during the excavations in the ruins, and these seem to throw a fair amount of light on the cult, occupation, and degree of civilization of their constructors. A remarkable feature in connection with these finds is that everything decorative is made of soapstone—fortunately a very durable material. First come the great birds, over five feet in height, perched on tall soapstone columns which would appear to have decorated the outer wall of the hill temple. These, intended evidently to represent hawks or vultures, are highly conventional in design, with stiff dentelle pattern at the edge of the wings, necklace with brooch in front and continued down the back, raised rosette-shaped eyes, and are evidently evolved out of some sacred symbolism of which the birds were the embodiment. Mr. Bent concludes that they are closely akin to the Assyrian Astarte or Venus, and represent the female element in creation. "Similar birds were sacred to Astarte amongst the Phoenicians and are often represented as perched on her shrines." Among the emblems of the worship of the reproductive powers of Nature were found a number of soapstone objects representing the phallus either realistically or conventionally, and indicating, in addition to their general symbolism, that circumcision was practiced by this primitive race.

An interesting series of objects are the numerous fragments of decorated and plain soap-

stone bowls found near the fortress temple and evidently once used in the temple service. Seven of the bowls were over nineteen inches in diameter, and the work displayed in their execution, the careful rounding of the edges, the fine pointed tool-marks, and the objects chosen for representation, indicate a race well advanced in artistic skill. Near the same place were found various fragments and specimens pointing to an extensive commerce once carried on at Zimbabwe—bits of Celadon pottery from China, of Persian ware, a specimen of Arabian glass, Egyptian glass beads of the Ptolemaic period, etc. "The pottery objects," thinks the author, "must have been brought here by Arabian traders during the middle ages, probably when the Monomatapa chiefs ruled over the district and carried on trade with the Arabians for gold, as European traders do now with objects of bright appearance and beads." Besides the foreign pottery, however, were found various specimens of native ware, notably some black fragments of excellent glaze and bevel, showing that the Zimbabwe builders had reached a high stage of proficiency in the ceramic art. Though fired with the antiquarian enthusiasm of a Monk barns, Mr. Bent is a conservative guesser throughout; and he declines to say anything definite as to the tools and weapons of bronze and iron found at Zimbabwe. The ruins have been, as he says, for centuries overrun by Kaffir races possessing a knowledge of iron smelting, and the shapes and sizes of many of the iron objects found correspond closely to those in use among the natives now. Some of these relics, however, are "quite unlike anything which ever came out of a Kaffir workshop," notably the curious double iron bells, three of which were found near the hill temple. Similar bells are found now on the Congo; and the author concludes that either they are ancient, and were used by the old inhabitants of the ruins, or that some northern race allied to the Congo races have swept over the country at some time or other, leaving this trace of their occupation.

Scarcely less interesting than the details touching the ruined cities themselves, is Mr. Bent's account of the surrounding country and the natives. Mashonaland is, he says—

"A strange weird country to look upon, and after the flat monotony of Bechuanaland, a perfect paradise. The granite hills are so oddly fantastic in their forms; the deep river-beds, so richly luxuriant in their wealth of tropical vegetation; the great baobab trees, the elephants of the vegetable world, so antediluvian in their aspect. Here one would never be surprised to come

across the roe's egg of Sindbad or the golden valley of Rasselas; the dreams of the old Arabian story-tellers here seem to have a reality."

Mr. Bent is not very explicit as to the material outlook and possibilities of Mashonaland. The country is mostly fertile and well-watered, and the climate good; whether gold still exists there in paying quantities, or was exhausted by the pre-historic inhabitants, is a question for future empirical solution. His opinion of the natives is unusually favorable. He found them honest, capable, and above the ordinary Kaffir in intelligence; and those he employed in excavating at Zimbabwe proved to be, contrary to expectation, careful workmen, rarely missing a thing of value, "which is," he adds, "more than can be said of all the white men in our employ." Iron smelting is a time-honored industry in Mashonaland, whole villages devoting themselves to it exclusively, tilling no land and keeping no cattle, but exchanging their iron-headed assegais, barbed arrow-heads, and field tools for such commodities as they require but do not produce themselves. This international division of labor seems to be carried to a surprising degree, place and people considered; and Mr. Bent was told of other villages which, after the same fashion, have the monopoly of pottery.

What we have given in the present review is of course but a meagre skimming of Mr. Bent's interesting work — enough we hope to tempt the reader to the original. The volume may be characterized as a happy blending of description, adventure, and scientific discussion, with a suggestion throughout of the marvels of Mr. Haggard. Paper, print, and binding are good, the maps and charts are sufficient, and there are a great number of capital illustrations.

E. G. J.

AN OVERGROWN BIOGRAPHY.*

Dr. Storrs's lectures on Bernard of Clairvaux bear marks of laborious and loving study. They seek to be, and mainly succeed in being, scrupulously fair. The descendant of the Pilgrims is in sensitive sympathy with the mediæval saint. He looks at him all round, as a product of the preceding period, as a person, as a member of a monastic order, as a theologian, as a preacher, as a controversialist, and as a pervading influence upon the whole range

* *BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX: The Times, the Man, and His Work. An historical study in eight lectures.* By Richard S. Storrs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of public affairs in the Europe of the twelfth century. You feel that the author is an enthusiast in relation to his theme, that he has spared no pains in its treatment. You wonder how a pastor of a great city congregation, a leader in the ecclesiastical affairs of a great denomination of Christians, has found time, or made time, for so exhaustive a performance. You admire the effort. You envy the assiduity, the power of utilizing the odd fragments of leisure, the wide range of reading, the copious flow of language. And then you scold yourself for not being more grateful. You would like to praise, but your pen hesitates. It blurs your compliments, and sets sharply down your dissatisfactions. For dissatisfied you are, and there is no avoiding saying so. THE DIAL is an open court, and honest criticism is a duty not to be put by.

The book errs by bigness. Six hundred closely-printed pages upon an ecclesiastic dead six centuries ago is large measure. We might call it pulpit measure. Dr. Storrs has always been copious in utterance. He once began a sermon to a country congregation with six consecutive striking similes rather fully elaborated. One, or at the utmost two, would have quite sufficed for all purposes of illustration. But they bubbled up in the great preacher's mind and tumbled headlong out of it. M. Angelo defined sculpture as "the Art that works by force of taking away." The art of literary style works in a similar fashion. Dr. Storrs pours out his superabundant rhetoric from the pulpit, and audiences are borne on upon the flood and forget to criticize. Perhaps they admire more than they are convinced, are thrilled rather than persuaded; but still they are swept on by the torrent of voluble speech. Readers are more critical. They prefer that the author should revise his own text and run his pen through his superfluous adjectives. They prefer the omission of the purple patches which in public delivery bring down the house. They are of the mind of the Harvard professor who blighted the promise of a brilliant divine (we have his word for it) by passing over the splendid passage with which his college theme was opened, and at the close of the paragraph penning the words, "Begin here." We have no doubt these were brilliant lectures, and that the audience went home in a glow from most of them. But they lie before us a printed volume, and we feel tempted to say "End here" on several favorable occasions before the five hundred and ninety-eighth page is finished. For

life is short, and the twelfth century is a good while ago, and there is the art of "taking away," and the half is more than the whole, as Hesiod said. The volume is swollen with a good deal of irrelevant matter. Economy of adjectives, of rhetorical flourishes, of somewhat commonplace moralizing, would have materially reduced its bulk. There is little in the first twenty pages that might not have been sufficiently said in two. "A few words at the outset on the general usefulness of studies like these" are quite unanswerable and equally unnecessary. Fresh from the study of mediæval amenities, Dr. Storrs sees, in what we have vainly imagined our amiable and tolerant age, a period "confused in thought, full of haste and violence in opinion and action, with an acrid and vehement controversial temper prevalent in it, a temper almost equally moved to sharpness of discussion over matters fundamental and matters superficial." Perhaps this lack of perspective, this equal stress on things relevant and things irrelevant, affects the mind of the writer. He too unconsciously is of his time.

It is going a good way back for jumping room to begin with "the fracturing of the Western Empire by Odoacer, A.D. 486," or the "shattering victory" of Charles Martel in A.D. 732, or the fifty great military expeditions of Charlemagne. The discussion of the Feudal System might have been spared, and the story of the Popes in the ninth and tenth centuries. It is at page 58 that the author strikes the theme of his first lecture, "the extreme depression and fear" in the tenth century. The depicting of that strange panic which seized upon Christendom at the close of its first millennium is not essential for the comprehension of a saint who lived two hundred years afterward. We echo Dr. Storrs's words with more than his own fulness of meaning, when, at the beginning of his second lecture, he speaks of "the sense of relief" with which "one emerges from the fetid gloom" of that earlier period. But we are still sixty pages distant from our hero, with our heads indeed above the sod, but still "pawing to get free our hinder parts" from that inchoate world. We are made to realize, as by a vivid object-lesson, the slowness of the dawn, the weary incubation that preceded the birth of the modern era. We have a copious treatment of Hildebrand, and a highly-colored picture of the submission of Henry at Canossa. We have a sketch of the first Crusade and of the rise of Gothic architecture; portraits of Damiani, of Lanfranc, and of An-

selm. At last, on the one hundred and thirty-third page, we come upon Bernard of Clairvaux, his personal characteristics. That is what we are after. We are a little out of breath with our long journey, but fill our lungs and are ready to begin. The instruments are tuned and we listen for the overture. To be sure, the third lecture begins with a recapitulation, but after two or three paragraphs St. Bernard—miracle-worker that he was—manages to get born. A pleasant page tells us of the bright men and women who managed subsequently to get born in the same province. Burgundy is a wide range, and Bossuet, Buffon, Crébillon the Elder, Piron, Diderot, Madame de Sévigné, Lamartine, Edgar Quinet, and the Order of the Golden Fleece, have nothing whatever to do with Bernard,—but their names brighten up the page, and suggest to the reader that having been led well up to his subject and well past it, the time has come for him to lay hold of it in earnest. Let him not be too sure. *Apropos* of Bernard's mother, were there not the saintly women Matilda the friend of Hildebrand and Beatrice her mother, and Agnes the mother of Henry the Fourth, and Ida of Bouillon, and Matilda of England, and Hildegarde of the Rupertsburg, and Ermengarda the mother of Anselm, a nameless lady the mother of Eberhard, and "the venerated mother of Peter the Venerable," and must not the biographer of Bernard linger fondly upon each of their several perfections? When we reach Aletta herself, one would not stint the penstrokes or economize the pages. "Not many incidents are recorded of the devout and modest life of this elect lady," but "one can hardly avoid feeling," and "it seems clear enough," and "it seems natural to infer," and "if this were so we can trace," and "I cannot but think," and "it is at least not improbable," and "I am as sure as of anything,"—phrases like these, with the accompanying guesses and imaginations, easily occupy us for a dozen a pages more. But really preliminaries are now past, and Bernard is actually before us, and not quite a third of the volume has been gone over. It is very encouraging!

The name of Bernard is famous in Church history. In the tenth century Bernard of Aosta founded the two monasteries, the great and little St. Bernard, which still receive travellers within their hospitable doors. Bernard of Tiron was the founder of a new congregation of Benedictine monks in the eleventh century. In the thirteenth, was Bernard of

Sienna, the founder of the Olivetans. Each of four successive ages had its Bernard, the founder of abiding institutions, on the Church's "Eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed." The twelfth century, with Bernard of Clairvaux, was the most favored of the four. His sainthood was not a mere matter of ecclesiastical recognition, but something owned and read of all men. It was no perfume caught only by the men of his own time or order or communion, it retains its charm and freshness for those far removed by habit and training after more than six hundred years. Under all the encrusting embroideries of his mediæval vestments we can still discern much of the simplicity which is in Christ.

Bernard was of noble family. He was the third son of Tescelin, a knight of experience and distinction descended from the Count of Chatillon, and of Aletta his wife, "connected ancestrally with the Ducal house of Burgundy." He was born at his father's castle of Fontaines, near Dijon in France, in the year 1091. He died sixty-two years later, August 20, 1153. Very early he embraced the cloistered life. His eager enthusiasm swept his whole household, six brothers and a sister, after him. He was but just of age when, with his brothers and two dozen companions more, he betook himself to the monastery of Citeaux. The next year he led a colony of the Cistercians to Clairvaux and became their abbot. His rare qualities could not long be hid. His fame, as a man of deep piety, a preacher of peculiar fervor and persuasiveness, a fearless and effective administrator, and a subtle theologian, rapidly spread itself over Europe. Feeble in body, sensitive in spirit, he was of tameless energy, unsparing in labor, resolute of purpose, lavish of himself in behalf of God and his fellows. One hundred and sixty houses of his order remained a monument of his efficient work. His own abbey was a model of the most rigorous monastic life. He fostered the infancy of the Knights Templar and prescribed their rule. He resisted the restless intellect of Abelard and crushed that brilliant schoolman's already broken heart. Dr. Storrs's sympathies lean a little too much to the side of the champion of orthodoxy, as Dean Milman's perhaps to that of the mediæval Broad Churchman. But Bernard could contend as valiantly with foes of the other wing. He was the sturdy opponent of the early attempts to bind upon the Church the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. He urged the Second Crusade upon princes

and people, and sent a million and more of men to their utter wreck. He claimed divine inspiration for this cause and prophesied its success, and rather ignobly evaded honest confession of its failure. He had a keen scent for heresy, and secured the condemnation of the aged Bishop of Poitiers, upon "a mere dialectic dispute whether the divine nature was God." The discussion wearied out two councils, and, by his own acknowledgement, baffled the comprehension of one Pope. When the Jews were violently persecuted, Bernard rose above his age and went nobly to their rescue. In his exposure of the corruptions of the Papacy he took almost Protestant ground, declared the Pope only *primus inter pares*, and no Lord over his brethren. He rejected works of supererogation, and held views opposed to the doctrine of transubstantiation. "Spiritually not corporally, the food of the soul not of the body," was his teaching as to the reception of Christ in the Lord's Supper. He was intensely an ecclesiastic, a man of institutions, yet not a man without ideas. He was a great preacher. His sermons, said Sixtus of Sienna, are "at once so sweet and so ardent that it is as though his mouth were a fountain of honey and his heart a whole furnace of love." He was single-hearted in his self-consecration, though he could not always distinguish between Bernard and orthodoxy, between the claims of Christ and the pretensions of the Church. He was an ascetic without bitterness, though excess of zeal led him sometimes to play the persecutor's part. But Luther could justly say of him, "If ever there was a pious monk who feared God, it was St. Bernard." He was the foremost churchman of the first half of the twelfth century, the typical exponent of all that was best in mediæval devotion.

One excellence of Dr. Storrs's lectures may be found in the abundant quotations which he gives from the sermons and letters of Bernard. The translation is always fresh and spirited, and you get at the burning heart of the old saint. You do not wonder at the author's tribute: "Personally I know that I owe him much for uplifting from depression, for tranquillizing influence in times of disturbance, for encouragement to duty when it seemed unattractive, for the fine inspirations of spiritual thought." He well reminds us "how Dante saw Bernard in Paradise:

"An old man habited like the glorious people,
O'erflowing was he in his eyes and cheeks
With joy benign, in attitude of pity
As to a tender father is becoming."

Dr. Storrs is very admirable in his sympathy with this altogether unmodern character, in his comprehension of the mediæval institutions which he himself has left far behind, and in his understanding of just how much and just how little Bernard was a reformer before the reformation. His chapter upon Bernard as a theologian, while not devoid of Anselmic bias, and not as clear as fewer words had made it, is still a model of catholic appreciation. In the controversy with Abelard, perhaps the scales are held less even. But, for substance throughout, the book presents itself as a singularly fair and generous recognition of a hero of a departed age and a bygone conception of Christianity. If only our author would read his proofsheets in a sterner mood and cut out much admirable but cumbersome material, if he would reflect a little upon the saying of Sheridan and distinguish between the luminous and the voluminous, his subject would stand forth in clearer light, and his readers would be more grateful.

C. A. L. RICHARDS.

NEW GLIMPSES OF A FAMOUS OLD DIARY.*

In these modern days, when few persons keep diaries, and those few are ashamed to own it, the publishers' lists seem nevertheless to indicate a continuous demand for the diaries and letters of our ancestors. Frances Burney (1752-1840) was one of the latest as well as one of the best of the famous English diarists. The three handsome volumes which comprise Messrs. Warne & Co.'s new edition of the best portion of her "Diary and Letters" nearly corresponds to the three important epochs of this interesting woman's career.

The first epoch begins with the publication of "Evelina," when "Fanny" (as she is always called by her present editor) was twenty-six years old. At the age of nine, owing to the death of her mother and the negligence of her father, her education was left to take care of itself; the various and brilliant society that was accustomed to assemble under Dr. Burney's roof took little notice of the small, shy, silent, rather plain girl, who was with them rather than of them; nor did any of them, least of all the father himself, think of connecting her with the fascinating new novel that everyone was discussing. When the secret could no

longer be kept, the timid and obscure girl found herself the most sought and the most praised person in the set. She was speedily taken up by Mrs. Thrale, and this was practically an introduction to the most brilliant literary circle of the day. Literary lions of all sizes, from the monarch Johnson downwards, were wont to resort to the house of Mr. Thrale, to eat his dinners and to enjoy the conversation of his lively wife. Fanny was soon domesticated for a long visit in the household, and the diary gives us frequent glimpses of its bright talk and varied interests. Many of the passages have a perennial sort of freshness that may justify quotation to an age that perhaps knows not Fanny as well as she deserves. Here is a sample tea-table sketch:

"The P. family came in to tea. When they were gone Mrs. Thrale complained that she was quite worn out with that tiresome silly woman, Mrs. P., who had talked of her family and affairs till she was sick to death of hearing her."

"Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "why do you blame the woman for the only sensible thing she could do—talking of her family and her affairs? For how should a woman who is as empty as a drum, talk upon any other subject? If you speak to her of the sun, she does not know that it rises in the east; if you speak to her of the moon, she does not know it changes at the full; if you speak to her of the queen, she does not know she is the king's wife;—how then, can you blame her for talking of her family and affairs?"

The second volume covers a period of five years—the most unhappy, although in the short-sighted eyes of Fanny's immediate family the most honored, portion of her life. Miss Burney's fame as the author of two popular novels—"Cecilia" having appeared about four years after "Evelina"—had attracted the notice of the King and Queen, George III. and his wife Charlotte. It was the Queen's wish to attach so important a person to her household; and accordingly Fanny was appointed a keeper of the robes, entering upon her duties in the month of July, 1786. A more unsuitable selection could hardly have been made. Dress had always been one of the last subjects about which she had troubled herself; she had not the physical strength for the assiduous attention, the unremitting readiness for every summons to the dressing-room, the frequent and long readings, and the perpetual sojourn at the palace; she detested cards, and indeed knew nothing about them, but was expected to pass her evenings at the card-table in order to be agreeable to her colleague, Mrs. Schellenberg, who seems fully to have justified Macaulay's description as "an old hag from

* THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY (Frances Burney.) With notes by W. C. Ward, and prefaced by Lord Macaulay's essay. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

Germany, of mean understanding, of insolent manners, and of a temper which, naturally savage, had now been exasperated by disease." To Fanny herself the consequences were thoroughly disastrous. Her almost constant attendance upon the Queen was incompatible with literary pursuits, and her pen was perforce idle; she had renounced the prospect of competence for a salary which was barely sufficient for the expenses of her wardrobe; she had been more than usually happy in her domestic life and social connections, and found that she had exchanged her intimacy with such men as Edmund Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and such women as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Montagu, for the empty society of his majesty's equerries; the severe strain of court ceremonial soon began to tell cruelly on her health. However, ever faithful to her diary, we now reap the reward of her sufferings as we read the brilliant pages in which her humour and penetration have invested with an interest not its own the frivolous tattle of her commonplace companions. Her account of the royal family is on the whole favorable. The princesses appear to have been really amiable, and, so far as etiquette would permit, sensible young women. To the credit of the King and Queen be it said, they seem to have inspired Fanny with a sincere regard. But even Fanny, with all her loyal partiality, could make no more of them than that they were a well-meaning couple, whose conversation never rose above the commonplace. Few events occurred to relieve the wretched monotony of her life. One of these, however, took place when she made one of the party on a royal visit to Oxford. That neither the monotony of her official duties, nor the insipidity of her associates, nor even the odious tyranny of her colleague, could wholly subdue in the author of "*Evelina*" and "*Cecilia*" her bright and humorous disposition, is apparent when she comes to describe some of the incidents of the tour of the colleges.

"The last college we visited was Cardinal Wolsey's—an immense fabric. While roving about a very spacious apartment, Mr. Fairly came behind me and whispered that I might easily slip out into a small parlor, to rest a little while; almost everybody having taken some opportunity to contrive themselves little sitting but myself. . . . Mr. Fairly there produced from a paper repository concealed in his coat pocket some apricots and bread, and insisted upon my eating; but I was not inclined to the repast, and saw that he was half famished himself; so was poor Miss Planta; however, he was so persuaded I must both be as hungry and as tired as himself, that I was forced to eat an ap-

ricot to appease him. Presently, while we were in the midst of this regale, the door suddenly spread, and the queen came in!—followed by as many attendants as the room would contain. Up we all started, myself alone not discountenance, for I really think it quite respect sufficient never to sit down in the royal presence, without aiming at having it supposed I have stood bolt upright ever since I have been admitted to it. Quick into our pockets was crammed our bread, and close into our hands was squeezed our fruit; by which I discovered that our appetites were to be supposed annihilated, at the same time that our strength was to be invincible."

At last the time came when Fanny was no longer capable of supporting the fatigues of her situation. Her friends were seriously alarmed; even her fellow-slaves at court commiserated her and urged her retirement. The Queen's reluctant consent was gained, a successor was appointed, and the unfortunate victim of royal selfishness found herself once more free to return to her father's household. Travel, freedom, friendship, domestic affection, soon restored the shattered frame and spirits; and at the beginning of the third volume, the Diary reveals her in the midst of a brilliant company of French refugees who had settled at Juniper Hall in Surrey, not far from which was the house of Mr. Locke, where Fanny was visiting.

From a historical point of view, this closing portion of the Diary will probably be counted as the most valuable. It gives us authentic glimpses of some of the actors in that Revolution, "the Death-Birth of a World," which was getting itself transacted with such terrible accompaniments across the channel. Among these notables were the Duke de Lioncourt, M. de Talleyrand, ex-minister of war Narbonne, Madame de Staël, and last but not least interesting to the readers of the Diary, General Alexandre D'Arblay, whom Fanny presently falls in love with and marries. Love in a cottage, on an income of one hundred pounds a year, was exactly suited to Fanny's retiring and affectionate nature; and the early years of wedded life were probably the happiest she had ever known. To these years belong also the completion and publication of her third novel, "*Camilla*," dedicated by permission to the Queen.

In 1802, the establishment of peace between England and France determined M. D'Arblay to revisit France and to endeavor to obtain from the First Consul the half-pay pension to which his former services in the army had entitled him. His wife and son, now eight years old, soon joined him; and the next ten years were spent in France. Her impressions of that

country, and of its distinguished men, are, as might be expected, well worthy of citation. We select one describing her first sight of Napoleon :

"Had I not been placed so near the door, and had not all about me facilitated my standing foremost and being least crowd-obstructed, I could hardly have seen him. As it was, I had a view so near, though so brief, of his face, as to be very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale even to sallowness, while not only in the eye but in every feature care, thought, melancholy, and meditation are strongly marked, with so much of character, nay, genius, and so penetrating a seriousness, or rather sadness, as powerfully to sink into an observer's mind.

"Yet, though the busts and medallions I have seen are, in general, such good resemblances that I think I should have known him untold, he has by no means the look to be expected from Bonaparte, but rather of a profoundly studious and contemplative man, who 'o'er books consumes' not only the 'midnight oil,' but his own daily strength, 'and wastes the puny body to decay' by abstruse speculation and theoretic plans, or rather visions ingenious but not practicable. But the look of the commander who heads his own army, who fights his own battles, who conquers every difficulty by personal exertion, who executes all he plans, who performs even all he suggests; whose ambition is of the most enterprising, and whose bravery is of the most daring cast;—this, which is the look to be expected from his situation, and the exploits which have led to it, the spectator watches for in vain. The plainness, also, of his dress, so conspicuously contrasted by the finery of all around him, conspires forcibly with his countenance, so 'sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought,' to give him far more the air of a student than a warrior."

Madame D'Arblay's last years were spent in England, where she lived to be eighty-eight years old, surviving both husband and son. Toward the close of her life, her intercourse with society was usually confined to that of her relatives and of old established friends. She was, however, pleased to receive Sir Walter Scott, who was brought to her by Mr. Rogers. And since we have had from her so many of her impressions of others, it is interesting to know what impression she herself made, as shown in an extract from Sir Walter's diary, under date November 18, 1826 :

"I have been introduced to Madame D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*'—an elderly lady with no remains of personal beauty, but with a simple and gentle manner, and pleasing expression of countenance and apparently quick feelings. She told me she had wished to see two persons—myself, of course, being one, the other George Canning. This was really a compliment to be pleased with—a nice little handsome pat of butter made up by a neat-handed Phillis of a dairy-maid, instead of the grease fit only for cart-wheels which one is dosed with by the pound. I trust I shall see this lady again."

ANNA B. McMAHAN.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

In "Amenophis and Other Poems" Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave has collected his verses of the last quarter-century, and gained a new title to the gratitude of his fellow-men. For in poetry of the contemplative sort he stands almost alone among living writers in the sincerity of his feeling and the simple perfection of its expression. He finds his truest inspiration in the religious sentiment, and his hymns and lyrics of devotion are among the best in the language. Let us make a selection from the fine poem which sings the "Quatuor Novissima" of Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. The general argument of the poem is to the effect that God has mercifully hidden from mortal vision

"The sacred terrors of the final day."

The complex problems of the modern world make the holy life a very different thing from what it was in the earlier ages of faith. Looking backward to those days, the poet's vision finds such beautiful expression as this :

"I see the climbing road
Which from Isère he trod,

Bruno, while on the heights a home he seeks :
Rock-sown the vale and rude,

The soul of solitude ;

Gray shiver'd walls around, and Angel-haunted peaks.

"There in the twilight low

The white-robed brothers go,

And meet and pass,—no sign, no look, no word :

Only they lift their sight

Tow'r'd the loved cross-crown'd height,

And pierce beyond the blue, and see the ascended Lord.

* AMENOPHIS, and Other Poems, Sacred and Secular. By Francis T. Palgrave. New York: Macmillan & Co.

FRANCIS DRAKE: A Tragedy of the Sea. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., Harv. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE MOTHER, and Other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., Harv. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A BOOK OF DAY-DREAMS. By Charles Leonard Moore. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

SONGS AND SONNETS, and Other Poems. By Maurice Francis Egan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

AVE: An Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley, August 4, 1892. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Toronto: Williamson Book Co.

LACHRYMÆ MUSARUM, and Other Poems. By William Watson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

LYRIC LOVE: An Anthology. Edited by William Watson. New York: Macmillan & Co.

LOVE SONGS OF ENGLISH POETS, 1500-1800. With notes by Ralph H. Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MEXICAN AND SOUTH AMERICAN POEMS (Spanish and English). Translated by Ernest S. Green and Miss H. von Lowenfels. San Diego: Dodge & Burbeck.

DEUTSCHE VOLKSLIEDER: A Selection from German Folk-songs. Edited by Horatio Stevens White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON. Edited by Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

POEMS, DIALOGUES IN VERSE, AND EPIGRAMS. By Walter Savage Landor. Edited by Charles C. Crump. In two volumes. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

"There in dim granite cave,
To Fancy's eye the grave
Of some forgotten far-off warrior wild,
Circling the saintly head
The light of Heaven is shed,
As in the Mother's arms he sees the Eternal Child.

"And though the final Fear
Gloom near and yet more near
As days from life's fast-falling rosary slip ;
Yet in that Faith and Friend
Secure, he sighs the end,—
God's pardon and award from his Redeemer's lip."

But the saint of the modern world may not rest satisfied with this easy solution of the dark problem of life.

"Not in the wild, not so
Our later footsteps go,
Doom'd to the garish world, the vulgar sphere !
The dull worn ways, the strife
And highway-dust of life,
Such is thy lot, O Man ! — thine heritage is here !"

There is in this more than a touch of Arnold's regretful yearning, but neither poet has quite learned Goethe's lesson,

"Dem Tüchtigen ist dies Welt nicht stumm,"

or attained to his serenely contemplative mood. There is no little mysticism in Mr. Palgrave's (as in all) religious song, but it does not for that lose touch with life. The following stanzas are the first half of a poem called "Quia Dillexit Multum."

"Yes, she is outcast from the world ;
The decent crowd of rich and good
With scorn or silence pass her by,
Or bid her search the streets for food :—
Yet when the jewels are made up,
She shall be ransomed, yet :
For she has loved Him more than all,
And He will not forget.

"'Tis not He does not prize the pure,
Or disesteems the holy heart,
Or judges each the same as all,
Or fails to take His liegemen's part :
But that He sees us as we are
With calm of perfect eyes ;
Reads sorrow hid in reckless mirth,
And smiles beneath our sighs."

Mr. Palgrave's verse is not all religious in theme. There is a noble ballad, "The Lost 'Eurydice,'" in which the poet of "The Visions of England" speaks once more. "Amenophis" (written as early as 1868) is a long narrative of Egyptian fable, written in heroic couplets.

"Dead in a dying city,
Through her silent water-ways sped
Toward the misty West, and the place of rest
And gray home of the mighty dead."

are lines taken from a poem in memory of Browning, a poem which carves this epitaph for its subject :

"For he, Star-crested, Hope-armour'd,
Struck straight at a swelling tide ;
In the valley of doubt, with clarion shout,
Chased coward and doubter aside."

One more quotation must be made, to illustrate Mr. Palgrave as a poet of nature. Autumn has been

invoked by earlier poets with more of passion, but when in more faultlessly grave and simple strain ?

"With downcast eyes and footfall mild,
And close-drawn robe of lucid haze
The rose-red Summer's russet child,
O'er field and forest Autumn strays :
On lawn and mead at rising day
Tempers the green with pearly gray ;
And 'neath the burning beech throws round
A golden carpet on the ground.

"And oft a look of long regret
Her eyes to Summer's glory throw ;
Delaying off the brand to set
That strips the blossom from the bough :
And where in some low shelter'd vale
The last sweet August hues prevail,
Her eager frosts she will repress,
And spare the lingering loveliness."

For a man whose chief distinction has been won in a very different profession from that of letters, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is producing literary work remarkable both for amount and for quality. Two volumes of verse are the latest of his publications; one a dramatic episode, the other a collection of miscellaneous pieces. The subject of "Francis Drake" is taken from the story of the great seaman's voyage around the Cape to the Pacific, and deals with the disaffection of Thomas Doughty, that curious character whose conduct has baffled the historian, although the evidence of his treachery seems, on the whole, sufficient to justify his execution. The drama is in sober and dignified blank verse, and contains many passages of marked beauty. Dr. Mitchell's other volume is entitled "The Mother and Other Poems." Among the best things in this rather uneven collection are the pieces inspired by Italian scenes, and of these "The Decay of Venice" is a noteworthy example.

"The glowing pageant of my story lies
A shaft of light across the stormy years,
When 'mid the agony of blood and tears,
Or pope or kaiser won the mournful prize,
Till I, the fearless child of ocean, heard
The step of doom, and, trembling to my fall,
Remorseful knew that I had seen unstrirred
Proud Freedom's death, the tyrant's festival ;
Whilst that Italia which was yet to be,
And is, and shall be, sat a virgin pure,
High over Umbria on the mountain slopes,
And saw the failing fires of liberty
Fade on the chosen shrine she deemed secure,
Where died for many a year man's noblest hopes."

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, the "new poet" whose advent was recently heralded by Dr. Weir Mitchell, has republished for general circulation the "Book of Day Dreams" that called forth Dr. Mitchell's praise. The praise does not seem, on the whole, to have been greatly overwrought, for Mr. Moore has the large utterance that makes even good ordinary poetry seem trifling, and transports us to another unbreathed by versifiers with whom technical excellence is the sole aim. Technical excellence, indeed, Mr. Moore does not always, does not often, exhibit, but he gives us instead powerful imagination and thoughts almost beyond the reaches of our

souls. His book contains exactly one hundred short poems, sonnets in the Shakespearian form—a venturesome undertaking!—forming a sequence suggestive of "The House of Life." The passion and the peace of these remarkable poems are well exemplified by the following finely contrasted "sonnets":

"The Spring returns! What matters then that War
On the horizon like a beacon burns,
That Death ascends, man's most desired star,
That Darkness is his hope? The Spring returns!
Triumphant through the wider-archèd cope
She comes, she comes, unto her tyranny,
And at her coronation are set ope
The prisons of the mind, and man is free!
And beggar-garbed or over-bent with snows,
Each mortal, long defeated, disallowed,
Feeling her touch, grows stronger-limbed, and knows
The purple on his shoulders and is proud.
The Spring returns! O madness beyond sense,
Breed in our bones thine own omnipotence!"

This is magnificent poetry, indeed, and our other selection, if less imperious in its appeal, has a charm no less potent to create and fortify the mood of which it makes eloquent discourse.

"Yet if uncaring for the increasing ghosts
That throng and beckon where life's paths descend,
In turn uncared-for by the human hosts,
The soul may lean on Nature as a friend.
Look in her eyes: those shadowed realms are fair.
Cling, closer cling to her deep-cloven breast:
Her cool arms thrill, her eyes do seem to wear
The very secret of the sweetest rest.
Sink, sink to sleep, so choosing to believe
Thou hast a balm for all the hurt without,
A consolation for the thoughts that grieve,
An answer to the unconquerable doubt.
Day shall wait on thee, and the twilight pale,
The stars shall thicken and the leaves shall fail."

In these two poems, at least, there is hardly a flaw; their faultlessness is somewhat exceptional, it is true, but the very defects that the others exhibit give evidence of strength rather than of weakness. With the greatest of poets, imagination sometimes outgrows the restraints of style, and untamed energy gives the false effect of slovenly construction.

The "Songs and Sonnets" of Mr. Maurice Francis Egan embody the religious sentiment, as well as others of more earthly origin, and show an acute sense of natural beauty. But they are marred by many verbal infelicities, and careless or commonplace lines. In

"Oh, let's float back to where the roses tremble,"

for example, the "let's" is very unhappy, and the line might easily have been improved.

"This dark December
All gloom the mistress of,"

is surely a most lame and impotent stanzaic conclusion. In

"The lilacs burst and filled the air with incense,
Then roses crowded in the way of June,
Beauties well guarded by their thorns and leaves dense,"

the verse begins prettily enough, but the rhyme is shocking. The sonnet "Golden Noon" may be

taken as an example of Mr. Egan's best work, and very fair work it is, up to the weak ending:

"Adonis has come back; cicadas sing,
Through twelve months silent, for July is here;
And thou, O Aphrodite, void of fear,
Dost sport in gold; and thou, gold-hearted thing,
O water-lily, drink'st (where reapers fling
Their scyred loads of many a barbèd spear)
The scent of new-mown hay; and vague, yet near,
The voices of the noonday chirpers ring.
The sky is blue and gold and pearl-besprent,
High blazed color, larkspur, poppy, pink;
The air is incense; it is joy to live;
Yet only soulless creatures are content.
Alas! in all this splendor we MUST think,
Beyond this beauty what has earth to give?"

Professor Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N. S., has published in a thin volume an ode for the Shelley centenary that takes high rank among the poems called forth by that occasion. It is in thirty-one ten-line stanzas of nearly conventional form (two quatrains and a couplet), and, beginning with a lengthy invocation to the familiar landscape of the author's own country—the marsh-meadows of Tantramar—passes gracefully into a contemplative analysis of Shelley's life and ideals. The following stanza marks the transition:

"And now, O tranquil marshes, in your vast
Serenity of vision and of dream,
Where through by every intricate vein have passed
With joy impetuous and pain supreme
The sharp fierce tides that chafe the shores of earth
In endless and controllless ebb and flow,
Strangely akin you seem to him whose birth
One hundred years ago
With fiery succor to the ranks of song
Defied the ancient gates of wrath and wrong."

One of the most beautiful of the stanzas that follow is this:

"Thyself the lark melodious in mid-heaven;
Thyself the Protean shape of chainless cloud,
Pregnant with elemental fire, and driven
Through deeps of quivering light and darkness loud
With tempest, yet beneficent as prayer;
Thyself the wild west wind, relentless strewing
The withered leaves of custom on the air,
And through the wreck pursuing
O'er lovelier Arnos, more imperial Romes,
Thy radiant visions to their viewless homes."

The poem has a few minor defects, but is, on the whole, a sustained and worthy production, almost on the level of the author's best work.

Mr. William Watson's "Lachrymæ Musarum," from which THE DIAL has made some quotations in its "Tennysonian," is now published, with a few other poems, in a thin volume. It remains, to our mind, the best of the many poetical tributes that the death of Tennyson has evoked. For its noblest passage, which we have not quoted before, we may here find space:

"For lo! creation's self is one great choir,
And what is nature's order but the rhyme
Whereto the worlds keep time,
And all things move with all things from their prime?
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?
In far retreats of elemental mind
Obscurely comes and goes

The imperative breath of song, that as the wind
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows,
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose
The meaning of the riddle of her might:
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,
Save the enigma of herself, she knows.
The master could not tell, with all his lore,
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped:
Ev'n as the linnet sings, so I, he said:—
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er
All woodland chants immortally prevail!
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,
He with diviner silence dwells instead,
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,
Unto no earthly air, he trims his sail,
But far beyond our vision and our hail
Is heard forever and is seen no more."

Mr. Watson also reprints in this volume his poem on the Shelley centenary, thus linking together the two great names of our century's song. These are the closing stanzas of the poem:

"A creature of impetuous breath,
Our torpor deadlier than death
He knew not,—whatsoe'er he saith
Flashes with life:
He spurreth men—he quickeneth
To splendid strife.
"And in his guads of song he brings
Wild odors shaken from strange wings,
And unfamiliar whispers
From far lips blown,
While all the rapturous heart of things
Throbs through his own,—
"His own that from the burning pyre
One who had loved his wind-swept lyre
Out of the sharp teeth of the fire
Unmolten drew,
Beside the sea that in her ire
Smote him and slew."

Mr. Watson also figures among this season's anthologists, his collection being styled "Lyric Love," and published in the "Golden Treasury" series of volumes. He has done more than to bring together the best love lyrics of the language, for his collection includes many things that are not lyrical except in feeling. It includes, for example, extracts from the longer poems of Shakespeare, Pope, and Milton. This, with the fact that Mr. Watson's range of reading is exceptionally wide, makes his collection unlike any other with which we are acquainted. The old familiar songs are here, of course, but there are also many comparatively unfamiliar. He is certainly right in claiming that "there is in this book nothing that is not good poetry, and little that is not very fine poetry indeed." But the best of us have our limitations, and Mr. Watson brings his own to view in a preface, which, accounting for the omission of many Elizabethan lyrics, confesses his failure to appreciate those loveliest flowers of English song. Mr. Watson here quite unnecessarily lays himself open to criticism, for we should have expected so small a volume to omit much that is dear to us, and

should certainly have had no quarrel with him on that score. But since he goes out of his way to attack Campion and Barnefield, we must enter a distinct protest. And what can we say of the man who describes the verse,

"Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,"
in Drayton's greatest sonnet, as "coarse in feeling"
and "rude in expression"?

Mr. Ralph H. Caine's "Love Songs of English Poets" is an anthology collected upon more conventional lines than the one last mentioned; it does not studiously slight the Elizabethan song-books, nor does it make the somewhat rash experiment of selecting from living poets. The years 1500 to 1800 are given upon the title-page in designation of the volume's scope, but the latter date merely means that the poets included were all born before the present century, and one so recently among the living as Wells (who died in 1879) finds place. Shakespeare, Jonson, and Herrick are the English love-poets *par excellence*, according to Mr. Caine, for which saying no one will quarrel with him, especially as he gives abundant space to Campion, Coleridge, Landor, and a number of others.

A volume of "Mexican and South American Poems" gives us the Spanish text and English translation on opposite pages. As there are nearly four hundred of the pages, there is space for a considerable collection of Spanish-American verse. The Mexican poets, Acuña, Carpio, and Calderon, are represented by numerous selections; a score of other poets (mostly South American) have one or two numbers each. The editors have also included, on account of its great popularity in Mexico, Señor Gaspar Núñez de Arce's long poem, "La Selva Oscura." Most of the translations are line-for-line versions of the baldest description, but even these are superior to the occasional attempts to translate into English rhymed measures. A triplet from "La Selva Oscura" may serve to show of what the translators are capable when they are not content with being literal:

"Lleno de admiracion vle delante
De mi, lloré, con voz conmovedora
Grité, cayendo prostrado: — Oh Dante!"

This passage takes form as follows:

"I saw him stand before me and mine eyes did chant
His praise, and weeping fell I prostrate and did pant
With deep emotion and with touching voice: O Dant'!"

It is safe to say that no reader of the English alone can get from this volume the slightest notion of the grace and beauty not infrequently characteristic of the Spanish. Here is a pretty stanza descriptive of a tyrant:

"Sus ojos cansados
Anhelan el llanto;
Mas nunca su encanto
Probó la maldad:
Al cielo levanta
La diestra homicida,
Con voz dolorida
Clamando: Piedad!"

And here is the English that stands for it:

" His weary eyes
Crave for tears ;
Yet iniquity their charm
Never tasted.
To heaven he raises
His murderous right hand,
Exclaiming ' Mercy !'
In a dreadful voice."

We fear that our translators have a defective sense of humor.

Taking for text Rückert's

" Das schönste ward gedichtet.
Von keines Dichter's Mund,"

Mr. Horatio Stevens White, of Cornell University, has edited, with all the necessary apparatus of introduction and notes, a selection of "Deutsche Volkslieder." Most of the old favorites are included, although the rule of admitting nothing of known authorship has kept out many songs, from Luther's hymn to "Die Wacht am Rhein," that would otherwise be among the first thought of for such a collection. The book takes the pleasing form of a "Knickerbocker Nugget."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who for many years enjoyed the friendship of the late Philip Bourke Marston, has now paid to his memory a crowning tribute in her edition of his collected poems. The saddest, perhaps, of all stories in the literary biography of England is once more told by Mrs. Moulton in an introduction of exquisite sympathy and tenderness, and is followed by all the published verse of the poet, as well as by a score or more of pieces hitherto kept in manuscript. This "Aftermath" consists mostly of sonnets, and makes no perceptible extension of the poet's range. Indeed, the chords struck within all these four hundred pages of song are few in number, but they are of harmony so pure that they must always "be dear to whoever loves what is loveliest and truest in literature." It seems to us, as to Mrs. Moulton, that Marston reached his highest level in "Wind Voices," his third volume. The music of such poems as "Pure Souls" and "Thy Garden" can never be forgotten, nor the cry of one despairing soul to another in the sonnets to James Thomson. This beautifully printed volume, with its portrait frontispiece, is a welcome accession to the shelf upon which is assembled the goodly company of Victorian poets.

A still more welcome accession to that shelf (for the volumes may as well go there as anywhere else) is Mr. Crump's edition of the poems of Landor. For this gift, indeed, we can hardly find words to thank both publisher and editor. It has been to us for many years the most astonishing of facts that no collection of Landor's poems was accessible to the general reader. Only in the eight-volume edition of the author's works (long out of print and very expensive) were they attainable in anything like their entirety, and this was true in a period characterized, more than any earlier one, by

reprints of all sorts of writers, the unworthy quite as frequently as the worthy. So grateful are we for the present edition that we are not disposed to censure the editor very severely for his omissions, grievously as we note them. How could an editor, with any feeling for poetry at all, abridge the immortal "Hellenics," or, having resolved upon the ruthless work, how was it possible for him to leave out that perfect tragic idyl, "Iphigeneia and Agamemnon"? The editor's introduction gives evidence (we say it with regret) that he has but imperfect sympathy with the poetry of the writer whose prose he has edited with admirable taste and discrimination. For his sins of omission he makes, however, a certain reparation by reprinting the fragment "From the Phoeceans," which even Forster neglected, and which has remained unprinted since 1802, when it appeared in company with "Gebir." These two works, at all events, Mr. Crump has given us, and the magnificent series of dramatic poems from "Count Julian" to "Antony and Octavius," and the glorious "Regeneration," and most of the "Hellenics," and nearly two hundred pages of the shorter poems. Most of the omissions made are of personal and occasional poems, the best of which are doubtless given us, but the lovers of Landor's verse (and who really knows it that does not love it?) will never be satisfied until they can have it all brought together, and will think it a great pity that the work should have been so nearly done, and yet not done once for all. We

"Take what hath been for years delay'd"

with regret that it should now be given with grudging measure; but the leaves, we know, as Landor knew, will fall for that no hour the earlier from his coronal. "I shall dine late," he said, "but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Character and
genius of
French Art.*

In respect of the amount and general excellence of artistic production, France is to the modern world what Italy was to the Renaissance and Greece was to antiquity. It becomes essential, then, as an element of general culture, to know wherein the distinctive merit of French art lies, what are its specific aims and limitations, something of the course of its historical and academic development, and something of the great names that illustrate its several epochs. To Americans, a fair degree of information on these points seems especially desirable. America is fast becoming the leading foreign mart for French paintings. The cheerful abundance of American dollars, and the growing aptitude of their owners to spend them intelligently, draw liberally every year upon the output of the Paris ateliers, and the coming Exhibition will doubtless stimulate

the influx. Messrs. Scribner & Co. have issued a little work on "French Art," by Mr. W. C. Brownell, that will meet, better than any book we now recall, the needs of those who want to "read up" briefly yet intelligently on French painting and sculpture. It is not too technical, nor is it a book for the mere smatterer. Mr. Brownell is a rarely competent critic and expositor of French ideas and character, and he needs no introduction to our readers. It may be added that "French Art" is very agreeably, as well as instructively, written. The contents are divided under the several heads: "Classic Painting," "Romantic Painting," "Realistic Painting," "Classic Sculpture," "Academic Sculpture," and "The New Movement in Sculpture." Each division opens with a general discussion of the topic proposed, and closes with brief criticism and appreciation of representative works and individuals. Mr. Brownell finds that "More than that of any other modern people French art is a national expression. . . . Of almost any French picture or statue of any modern epoch one's first thought is that it is French. The national quite overshadows the personal quality. . . . As one walks through the French rooms at the Louvre, through the galleries of the Luxembourg, through the unending rooms of the *Salon*, he is impressed by the splendid competence everywhere displayed, the high standard of culture universally attested, by the overwhelming evidence that France stands at the head of the modern world aesthetically—but not less, I think, does one feel the absence of imagination, opportunity, of spirituality, of poetry in a word. . . . The most distinct and durable impression left by any exhibition of French pictures is that the French aesthetic genius is at once admirably artistic and extremely little poetic." French painting is essentially an exquisite handicraft; and Mr. Brownell accentuates throughout what we may term its admirable prose qualities, its lucidity, poise, and entire adequacy of expression.

*Sooty sketches
of London life
and manners.*

UNDER the title "Round London" Messrs. Macmillan & Co. reprint from "Household Words" a sheaf of thumb-nail sketches of London life and manners, by Montagu Williams, Q.C. The volume is in two Parts: "Down East," drawn from the author's experiences while serving as a police magistrate in the "city"; and "Up West," largely a *réchauffé* of more or less malodorous West End scandals. The book is, in its slight way, informing, and may be skimmed over not without entertainment. The prevailing impression one gets from it is that London, socially, would bear a thorough fumigating, and that Montagu Williams, Q.C., was, for a magistrate of worth and dignity, rather over-addicted to tattle. Of the two Parts, "Down East" is the more important. During his magistracy at the East End the author was fond of roving about among his "subjects" incognito—after the fashion of the Caliph of Bagdad—and he thus picked up a deal

of curious information. He cheerfully bears witness to the unmatched brutality of the English lower classes, and satisfies the American reader that "Bill Sykes" was not an over-drawn monster, but an actual type still flourishing abundantly. For instance: "If anyone has any doubts as to the brutalities practiced on women by men, let him visit the London Hospital on a Saturday night. Very terrible sights will meet his eye. Sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen women may be seen seated in the receiving-room, waiting for their bruised and bleeding bodies to be attended to. In nine cases out of ten the injuries have been inflicted by brutal and perhaps drunken husbands. The nurses tell me, however, that any remarks they may make reflecting on the aggressors are received with great indignation by the wretched sufferers. They positively will not hear a single word against the cowardly ruffians."

"FIRST Days among the Contrabands" (Lee & Shepard) is the record of Elizabeth H. Botume's experience as a teacher of newly-freed negroes during the Civil War. The book, though rather fragmentary, is readable, and it conveys a good idea of the mental status and capacity of the "intelligent contraband." On this point, the author thinks, Northern people were then strangely ignorant; and she furnishes some amusing stories in point which certainly bear out the charge. There was no day, she says, without Northern visitors to the school, and the questions they put to the pupils—most of whom could not tell time by the clock or distinguish the right hand from the left—were "amusing and exasperating." One inspired donkey, for instance (possibly "Mr. Barlow," re-fleshed) solemnly put the query, "Children, can you tell me what is meant by the Trinity?" Finding the "children" rather foggy in Alexandrian dialectics, he proceeded forthwith to bray most learnedly on his theme for the balance of the hour,—probably what he had been aching to do from the start. Another caller, more rational, asked: "Children, who is Jesus Christ?" "For a moment the whole school seemed paralyzed. Then one small boy shouted out, 'Gineral Saxby, sar.' Upon this an older boy sprang up, and, giving him a vigorous thrust in the back, exclaimed, 'Not so, boy! His Massa Linkum.'" Miss Botume was stationed in the region about Beaufort and Hilton Head, S.C., near the edge of battle, while Charleston was still holding out; and her narrative is enlivened with reminiscences of that stirring time.

*Interpretation
of Shelley's Pro-
metheus Unbound.*

A NEW edition of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" (Heath) is edited by Vida D. Scudder, M.A., and is designed to render the poem more widely known to the general reader and more available for purposes of the class-room. To this end a good critical apparatus is furnished in the shape of notes, extracts from criticisms on the poem, and an in-

troduction in three parts—"The Drama and the Time," "A Study of the Myth," and "The Drama as a Work of Art." Miss Scudder does not agree with that school of critics who insist that "Prometheus Unbound" is simply a succession of shining pictures and lovely melodies. Yielding full admiration to these, she maintains that the drama will be best understood by regarding it as the supreme expression, in imaginative form, of the new spirit of democracy which entered into human life as a great renovating power, more than one hundred years ago. At one moment, and one only, in the evolution of English song since Beowulf, was possible the formation of a myth; and at this moment appeared the man to create it. Only at the beginning of the nineteenth century, only by the man Shelley, could the "Prometheus Unbound" have been written. Without trying to translate the poem into a series of moral maxims, it is quite possible to apprehend something of the broader relations which its imagery bears to the facts of human life, and such an apprehension is essential to the best enjoyment of the drama. A comparison of the drama with the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, by Miss Lucy H. Smith, A.B., is a valuable addition to this very satisfactory volume.

A new edition of a favorite scientific work. "EMPIRE and Papacy in the Middle Ages" (Macmillan), is the title of a little book by Alice D. Greenwood, intended as a school text-book introductory to the study of mediæval history. Beginning with the barbarian invasions, the author epitomizes the history of the world-church and the world-empire down to the time when their unity was destroyed by the Reformation. To pack all this into a volume of 220 pages shows rather unusual powers of condensation, and what would be to most writers the exercise of considerable self-denial. In the present case the self-denial must be shared to some extent by the reader, for the style, though direct and nervous, is at times obscure, and the effort for compactness has more than once led to the sacrifice of truth to brevity, not so much by glaring misstatements as by omissions or misleading half-truths. It is scarcely consistent to write Odoacer in one place and Odovakar two pages farther on; and to carry back the name Hungary to the fifth century is to perpetuate an unfortunate historical error. An account of the mediæval empire is certainly inadequate without some reference to those more modern times when the empire, shorn of imperial power, still lived on as a shadow of its former self, "neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire." If Miss Greenwood's book is used in schools it will require, even more than most text-books, to be supplemented and explained by a skilful teacher.

THE very interesting account of the voyage of the "Challenger," by the late Professor H. N. Moseley of Oxford, "Notes by a Naturalist, an account of observations made during the voyage of H. M. S.

'Challenger' round the world in the years 1872-1876," has appeared in a new and revised edition (Putnam), with maps, portrait, and woodcuts, and a brief memoir of the author. The book, which was published for the first time in 1879, is so well known that it is hardly necessary to recommend it here. The new edition is enlarged in several respects. It contains now a short memoir of the life of Moseley by G. C. B. (G. C. Browne, a pupil of Moseley), his portrait, a list of books, scientific papers, and monographs published by Moseley, and a list of papers written by his assistants and pupils under his superintendence at Oxford. The incidents of the voyage are recorded with inimitable freshness and vigor; and in scientific interest the book is scarcely inferior to Darwin's "Voyage of a Naturalist on the Beagle."

A famous German sculptor. THE German sculptor Christian Daniel Rauch, best known to the public by his monument of King Wilhelm and Queen Louise at Charlottenburg, has been made the subject of an extended biography by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney (Lee & Shepard). This "Life" is based mainly upon the five-volume work of Eggers, from which, with permission, Mrs. Cheney has made numerous extracts, while her whole book may be described as a condensation of its German prototype. A few of Rauch's works appear as illustrations, and a list of them all is given as an appendix. We cannot say that Mrs. Cheney has made a very readable book, but Rauch certainly deserved an introduction to the American public, and the present one may serve until someone shall prepare a better.

BRIEFER MENTION.

THE new edition of Dr. Henry Charles Lea's "Superstition and Force" (Lea) embodies a few revisions and a considerable amount of added matter. The essays on "The Wager of Battle" and "The Ordeal" have been extended by matter taken from Patetta's "Le Ordalie" and Neilson's "Trial by Combat"; the two remaining essays, on "The Wager of Law" and "Torture," are left more nearly in their original shape.

A NEW edition of "The Practical Surveyor's Guide" (Baird), by Mr. Andrew Duncan, gives us that popular manual in a materially enlarged and improved form. Dr. Pietsch's "Katechismus der Feldmesskunst" has been mainly drawn upon for the added matter. The title-page of the book informs us that the work contains "the necessary information to make any person of common capacity a finished land surveyor, without the aid of a teacher."

"THE Children of the Poor" (Scribner), by Mr. Jacob A. Riis, is a social study no less valuable than "How the Other Half Lives," by the same author. Mr. Riis bases his statements upon close observation of life in the New York slums, and interprets the facts with unfailing sympathy. The book has its share of statistics and other matters of mere information, but it has also its share of amusing anecdotes and character sketches,

as well as many photographs, and these features make it both pictorially and textually attractive.

ARTHUR YOUNG's "A Tour in Ireland," published in 1780, is a work almost equal in importance to his better known account of travels in France, and we note with satisfaction its appearance in a modern edition. Mr. Arthur Wollaston Hutton is the editor of the work, which fills two volumes of Bohn's Standard Library (Macmillan). The work is reprinted intact, with a conservative text, all the notes that are needed, and a very full Young bibliography.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE's "Gossip in a Library" (Lovell, Coryell & Co.), of which a second edition has just appeared, consists of "ten-minute sermons" upon certain selected old books of which the author happily possesses first editions. These brief papers were originally written for the New York "Independent" at the suggestion of its editor, the late Mr. John Eliot Bowen. We note an error in the preface which should not have crept into a second edition. Mr. Gosse is speaking of our protective tariff, and implies that it taxes the importation of old books, such as "first editions of Milton or of Motiere." Our tariff is barbarous enough in its treatment of knowledge and art, but it does not, at least, go to the extreme of barbarism thus indicated.

Two pamphlets of considerable historical interest come to us from the press of the University of Michigan. One of them contains a paper on "The Pageant of Saint Lusson, Sault Ste. Marie, 1671," by Dr. Justin Winsor, read at the University Commencement last June. The other is a "commemoration address" on "The Discovery of America," by Prof. B. A. Hinsdale, delivered before the University last October.

"THE Visible Universe" (Macmillan), by Mr. J. Ellard Gore, is a book of popular astronomy, made attractive by many charts and photographic plates, as well as by an orderly arrangement of subject-matter and lucid explanations. The object of the book is "to explain and discuss theories which have been supported by well-known astronomers and other men of science." Beginning with a historical sketch of the nebular hypothesis, Mr. Gore discusses the various theories of the universe and of the constitution of matter, and also describes the principal star and nebular groups.

"ROB ROY" is the latest issue of the Dryburgh edition of Scott. The illustrations are by Mr. Lockhart Bogle, and exhibit both spirit and character. "David Copperfield" has been added to the dollar reprints of the more popular novels of Dickens. Both these editions are published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

THE new (third) edition of Mr. Henry Van Dyke's work on "The Poetry of Tennyson" (Scribner) has a portrait of the Laureate, some original verses upon his death, an enlarged chronology, and a revised estimate of "Maud." Upon the latter point the author remarks: "I should be very much ashamed if I felt any shame at confessing a change in critical judgment produced by the reception of new light. In this case the new light that came to me was Tennyson's own wonderful reading and interpretation of the poem."

"THE New Testament and Its Writers" (Randolph) is a little handbook of historical criticism, from the orthodox standpoint, by the Rev. J. A. McClymont. The contents are systematically arranged for easy reference. The book is published in a series of "Guild and Bible Class Text-Books," of which the following are other recent issues: "The Church of Scotland," by the

Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir; "Handbook of Christian Evidences," by Dr. Alexander Stewart; and a volume of brief essays entitled "Life and Conduct," by Dr. J. Cameron Lees.

"How Do You Spell It?" (McClurg) is "a book for busy people" by Mr. W. T. C. Hyde. It is a dictionary of words so printed as "to stamp correct English orthography ineffaceably upon the visual memory." This is done by using heavy-face type for the letters that are likely to cause hesitation. Mr. Hyde would like to see our spelling reformed altogether, but sees that this is out of the question, and so tries to make the best of a bad matter. "Names and Their Meaning" (Putnam), by Mr. Leopold Wagner, is a new edition of a popular work devoted to curious etymologies.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will soon publish "Literary Criticism for Students," a volume of extracts from the great English critics, from Sidney to Pater, edited by Prof. Edward T. McLaughlin.

Mr. James Parton, just before his death, completed a biography of Andrew Jackson for "The Great Commanders" series. The work is about to be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

"American Young People" is the title of a new monthly magazine for boys and girls, published in Chicago. It will make a special feature of historical and other articles calculated to stimulate the patriotism of its youthful readers.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. issue a catalogue of works by American authors published by them, and to this is appended a list of foreign works that they have copyrighted in this country under the act of 1891. Over fifty titles are included in the latter category.

Mr. Henry Craik's "English Prose Writers," in five volumes, uniform with Ward's "English Poets," and similar in plan, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The first volume, running to the close of the sixteenth century, is nearly ready for publication.

Sig. Scartazzini has just published an abridged edition of his annotated "Divine Comedy," and promises a revised edition of his Dante manual, under the new name of "Dantologia." The latter work is the one translated into English by Mr. Thomas Davidson.

"The Colossus" is the title of Mr. Opie Read's new novel, which will be published in March by Messrs. F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago. The same firm have also in press a new edition of "A Kentucky Colonel," which has now reached a sale of nearly a hundred thousand copies.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has recently published a story, "My Lord the Elephant," which appeared simultaneously in most of the English-speaking countries. He has also written an article on his own boyhood for "The Youth's Companion." Nearly twenty thousand copies of his "Barrack-Room Ballads" are said to have been sold.

José Zorilla, whose death from pneumonia was announced about a month ago, was a member of the Spanish Academy since 1885, and probably the most popular of Spanish poets. He was a voluminous writer of poems and dramas, and also made a collection of folklore and legendary poems, published under the title "Cantos del Trovador."

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a special catalogue of such of their publications as are fitted for the use of school libraries. Only such books are included as have been recommended by the Boards of Education of American cities as desirable for school reading. The books are fully described, and the grades for which they are fitted are in each case designated.

A white marble monument has been sent to Alicante, to be erected over the tomb of the late Professor Freeman. It bears the following inscription: "To the pious memory of Edward Augustus Freeman, who enshrined in letters for all time the early history of England, the Norman Conquest, and the destinies of Sicily. Fired with a zeal for topographical research, he was struck down in the midst of a journey in Spain by sudden sickness, and died there March 16, 1892."

In addition to the libel suits of which we elsewhere make mention, the following, from the London "*Athenaeum*," may be noted: "A case of importance to dramatic critics was decided last week. Mr. Melford, a play-wright, was awarded by a jury £50 damages against '*The People*' because its critic had said the play called '*The Maelstrom*' was 'hooted off the stage,' whereas the evidence went to show that there was no 'hootng,' strictly so-called, only derisive laughter and 'boo-boeing.'"

The Town Council of Düsseldorf has unanimously decided to forbid the erection of a monument to Heine within the precincts of his native town, although about five years ago it had placed three different sites at the disposal of the Heine Committee. German papers are indignant at the decision of the wise men of Gotham, and the "*Frankfurter Zeitung*" expresses the optimistic, or rather malicious, hope that the time may come when a memorial tablet at the Town House of Düsseldorf will commemorate the fact "that it was in this building that the Town Council refused a site to the memory of the poet of the '*Buch der Lieder*.'

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce an "Exhibition Number" of their monthly magazine, to be published when the Exposition opens. They have planned to make it as fine an example of an American magazine as can be produced. It is not proposed that the text shall relate chiefly to the Fair, but, on the contrary, the writers and artists have been asked to contribute to the number what they themselves think will best represent them. The pages of text and illustration will be largely increased and the appearance of the number is likely to be looked for with eagerness by all readers interested in the work of American magazines.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company will publish next month Mr. W. G. Collingwood's "*John Ruskin, His Life and Work*." Mr. Collingwood was Mr. Ruskin's private secretary, and has had access to much unpublished material, including both drawings and letters, many of which will be reproduced. Mr. Ruskin's health, periodically made the subject of sensational comment by the newspapers, appears to be about what it has been for some years past. A recent account describes him as rather enjoying the severe weather that England as well as America has been experiencing, taking two brisk walks every day, and seeing a few friends or playing a game of chess in the evening.

Apropos of Tennyson, Mr. Theodore Watts makes the following note in "*The Athenaeum*": "'The Foresters' is still being acted in America with great success, and the sale of the book has reached about three

thousand copies, I believe, while that of '*The Death of Oenone*' is not far behind. But it is the sale of the collected works of Tennyson that his death has sent up so enormously, and from that I think I may say, the family do not get one penny. In that ideal community of which the author of '*Sigurd*' dreams the poet is to get no money payment for his verses, but only love. This is something more than a beautiful dream. Such a Utopia is America for the bard—supposing him always to be a British bard—even in these 'imperfect days,' vulgarized by the prosaic chink of dollars."

A writer in "*The Bookman*" tells the following amusing story of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, whose real name is as unfamiliar to readers as his assumed name of Lewis Carroll is well known. "It happened that in two houses near together in a London street, dinner parties were being given upon the same night. Just as the guests in one house were about to descend to the dining-room, the door was flung open, and, to the surprise of the assembled company, a gentleman entered on all fours. Fortunately, one of the guests recognized Mr. Dodgson in this strange apparition, who, realizing his mistake, was able to explain it, to the amusement of all present. It seems that he was supposed to be dining in the other house, where a number of his small friends were waiting to see him in the drawing-room before dinner. In his haste, and considering the strong family likeness between London houses, it is not surprising that he entered the first door which showed signs of a party. Nor did he notice the unfamiliarity of his surroundings till the aghast expression of the butler and the bewilderment upon the faces of the guests, roused him to a sense of the situation. It is easy to imagine the delight of the children in the right house if this very original mode of entrance was repeated for their benefit."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1893 (First List).

- African Customs. James Macdonald. *Popular Science*.
- Agricultural Revolution, An. Illus. *Popular Science*.
- American Farming a Century Hence. J. Rusk. *North Am.*
- Artesian Waters in Arid Region. Illus. R. T. Hill. *Pop. Sci.*
- Artist Life by the North Sea. Illus. H. W. Ranger. *Century*.
- Banking and the Clearing-House. A. B. Hepburn. *No. Am.*
- Bernard of Clairvaux. C. A. L. Richards. *Dial*.
- Brooklyn Ethical Association. L. G. James. *Pop. Science*.
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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 51 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

ART AND DRAMA.

The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons. By the Baron J. de Baye. With 17 steel plates and 31 text cuts. Trans. by T. B. Harbottle. *Quarto*, pp. 135. Macmillan & Co. \$7.00.
 A Greek Play and Its Presentation. By Henry M. Tyler, Smith College. Illus., small 4to, pp. 63. Northampton, Mass.: Hill Tyler. \$1.00.

HISTORY.

The Story of the Atlantic Cable. By Henry M. Field. Illus., 12mo, pp. 413. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
 The Fishguard Invasion by the French in 1797. Passages from the Diary of the late Rev. Daniel Rowlands. Illus., 12mo, pp. 234. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Three Generations of English Women: Memoirs and Correspondence of Susannah Taylor, Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon. By Janet Ross, author of "Italian Sketches." New and enlarged edition, illus., 8vo, pp. 570, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.
 John Keble: A Biography. By Walter Lock, M.A. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 245. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
 Phillips Brooks. By Julius H. Ward. Reprinted from "The New England Magazine." Illus., large 8vo, pp. 34. Office of the Magazine. Paper, 25 cts.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

An Agnostic's Reply, and Other Essays. By Leslie Stephen, author of "Hours in a Library." 8vo, pp. 380, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
 Studies by a Recluse, in Cloister, Town and Country. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 285, gilt top. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.
 Plato and Platonism: A Series of Lectures. By Walter Pater. 12mo, pp. 256. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.
 Two Satires of Juvenal, with notes by Francis Phillip Nash, M.A. 16mo, pp. 128. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
 The Gentleman's Magazine Library: A collection of the chief contents of "The Gentleman's Magazine," 1731-1868. Part III. 8vo, pp. 333. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.
 Chesterfield's Letters. Arranged by Edwin Ginn, from edition of Charles Sayle. 16mo, pp. 116. Ginn & Co. 30 cts.

FOLK LORE.

Blackfoot Lodge Tales. By George Bird Grinnell. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

POETRY.

Songs for the Hour. By D. M. Jones. 12mo, pp. 210, gilt top, uncut edges. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.
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 Fair Shadow Land. By Edith M. Thomas. 16mo, pp. 130, gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

FICTION.

A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Illus., 16mo, pp. 306. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
 Under King Constantine. Oblong 8vo, pp. 130, uncut edges. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.50.
 From One Generation to Another. By Henry Seton Merriman. 12mo, pp. 236. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.
 Wolfenberg. By William Black, author of "A Princess of Thule." Illus., 16mo, pp. 238. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
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REFERENCE.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia. New edition, tenth and completing vol., illus., 4to, pp. 832. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.

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